



HEIGHTS



1957 - YEARBOOK - 1958

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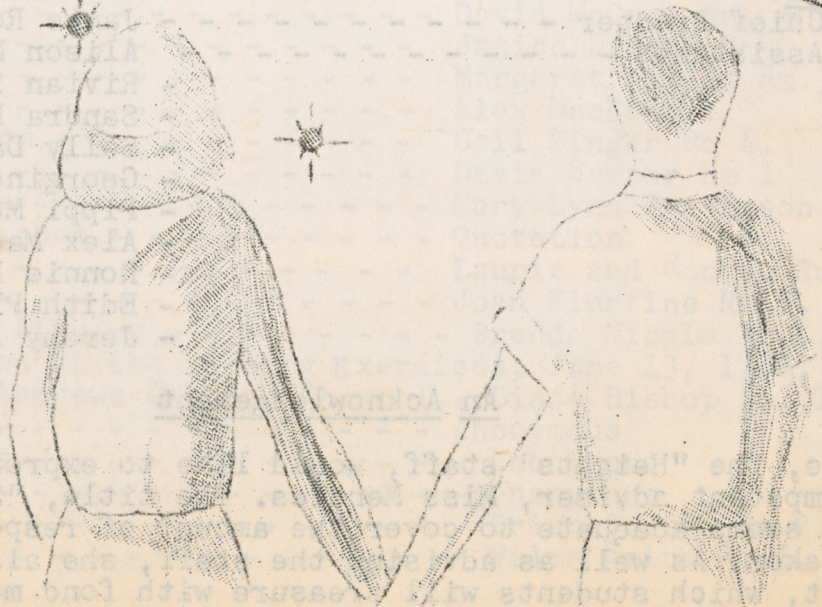
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E D I T O R I A L S T A F F

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - Judy Taylor - Room 1.

Assistant Editor - - - - - Ronnie Brown - Room 18.

Business Manager - - - - - Joe Diner - Room 11.

Assistant Bus. Manager - - - - - Brian Holl - Room 20

Literary Editors:

Grade 9 - - - - - Alison McNeill - Room 3.
Grade 8 - - - - - Jacqueline Pauls - Room 20.
Grade 7 - - - - - Shelley Labovitch - Room 21.

Sports Editors:

Girls:

Grade 9 - - - - - Marlene White - Room 6.
Grade 8 - - - - - Sally Dales - Room 17.
Grade 7 - - - - - Rosalyn Linhart - Room 23.

Boys:

Grade 9 - - - - - Ian White - Room 7.
Grade 8 - - - - - David Averbach - Room 8.
Grade 7 - - - - - Stanley Schwartz - Room 27.

Library Editor - - - - - Brenda Michie - Room 4.

Music Editor - - - - - Diedre Irons - Room 26.

Art Editor - - - - - Jim Eldridge - Room 1.

Social Representatives:

Grade 9 - - - - - Joan Laing - Room 5.
Grade 8 - - - - - Bruce Gee - Room 15.
Grade 7 - - - - - Marsha Karr - Room 23.

Home and School and Community Club - - - Marilyn Isaac - Room 1.

Staff Adviser - - - - - J. I. Menzies.

Printers:

Chief Printer - - - - - Jamie Ross - Room 3.
Assistants - - - - - Alison McNeill - Room 3.
- Rivian Schachter - Room 1.
- Sandra Eggertson - Room 4.
- Sally Dales - Room 17.
- Georgine Kerr - Room 1.
- Pippi Morgan - Room 18.
- Alex MacDonell - Room 3.
- Ronnie Brown - Room 18.
- Edith Pleidrup - Room 5.
- Jeremy Anderson - Room 20.

An Acknowledgement

We, the "Heights" staff, would like to express our appreciation to our competent adviser, Miss Menzies. The title, "Staff Adviser" to us, hardly seems adequate to cover the amount of responsibilities she has undertaken. As well as advising the staff, she also headed the picture project, which students will treasure with fond memories. Miss Menzies, please accept our sincere gratitude for the time and thought you have given to make this publication possible.

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I N D E X (cont'd)

Sports Section

Girl's Sports - - Volleyball, Swimming, Medau Ball, and Speedskating
Interview with Miss Ryan

Boy's Sports -- Soccer, Speedskating, Basketball, Interview with Mr. Creamer

Field Day - - - - - David Stevens

School Sports Teams

Boy's School Teams -- Soccer and Basketball
Team Pictures

Girl's Team Pictures and Skating Teams
Names of Players and Skaters

Art Section

Views on Art - - - - - Pippi Morgan and Rivian Schacter

Art - - - - - Jim Eldridge

Girl Rembrant - (Jocelyn Andison)

"Our Mr. Bell"

Good Wishes From River Heights Graduates

Music Section

Interview with The Ames Brothers - -Stephanie Christie and Lousie
Doran Rm 2

Music

The Manitoba Music Festival

Names of Girls Choir

Picture of Choir

Picture of Boy's Choir

Boy's Choir Names

Library

The Road to Stalingrad - - - - - Jim McJannet Rm 3

Every Week is Book Week - - - - - Brenda Michie Rm 4.

Social Section

Grade Seven Activities

Grade Eight Party

Grade Nine Party

Inter-School Christian Fellowship - - - - Lynn Campbell Rm 5.

Autographs

An Appeal for Understanding

We know that there are some personal names and other words slightly misspelled. Not that we planned it that way, but, --- I guess it was the gremlins that got into the typewriters and the ink. Please forgive our mistakes, accept our efforts kindly, and hope that future year books will show the benefit of our experiences and achieve a greater standard of perfection.

Sincerely,

J. I. M. and J. T.



D. RIDD F. HODGKINSON T. BELL S. BULLOCK F. CHRISTIE D. CREAMER



A. CROCKER O. DERRAUGH J. FORREST E. GILLIES W. GLOVER A. JUDGE



K. KINLEY C. KITCHEN G. KROEKER H. KROFT W. LINT I. LOW



R. MACKENZIE W. MCEWAN J. MENZIES J. MILLER F. MORGAN L. PETO



R. PYBUS M. RYAN M. SPEERS S. STEINMAN G. TURNER B. VANDERSTEEN



M. MORRISON H. SOLARCHUK J. SEMEN S. NICOL T. ROMEO

MISSING:
L. GREENBERG
M. SMITH

F O R E W O R D A N D F O R W A R D



On the links a golfer shouts, "Fore" to indicate to all concerned his impending forward action. At least he intends to go forward-- and straight forward, too. To go sideways or crooked is the one thing he particularly hopes and plans to avoid. So he shouts, "Fore" for all to hear, and he takes his cut at the little ball.

Now, I am pleased, as the principal of our school, to have this opportunity of writing a brief foreword in this second annual edition of The Heights. The pen shouts too-- probably more loudly than can the voice. So let readers as well as writer, staff and pupils together, shout, "Fore" to declare to all concerned that we are on the forward march; that our school paper is better this year than last; that the next year's third edition will be better still; that we as players on the broad field of life, are planning to go straight, not crooked; that we do not intend to hook or slice sideways; that we aim to keep out of the rough and avoid sandtraps that impede the direct path to our goal.

This, of course, presupposes that the goal is a worthy one, not such as can be reached quickly and without effort, but one that challenges our highest potential, our noblest concept. So let us change our spelling and let this Foreword become a declaration of our Forward climb right up to The Heights.

D.N. Ridd.

To Grade IX Pupils:

I should like this opportunity to say good-bye and good luck to our Grade IX pupils. May the lessons that you have learned in River Heights School stand you in good stead. Most of you will be going on to other schools to further your education. In Canada, unlike other parts of the world, all children are given free schooling. Why are our boys and girls provided with do much free education? It is because mankind has progressed chiefly by prolonging the period of growth of its offspring. The lower down the scale of creation you look, the shorter will you find the period between birth and maturity. Many years ago man realized that the longer he could keep his children growing but not grown up, the greater would be their power to learn from life, and so master their surroundings. In the complex world of to-day it is even more than ever necessary that you boys and girls remain at school and college as long as is necessary to train yourselves for the life for which you are best fitted. Keep up the good work and in a few short years we teachers will be reading down the list of University graduates and finding many names from the 1957-58 class of River Heights.

F. A. Hodgkinson

Greetings, friends;

During the school year of 1957-58, you, the student body, gave me the honour of serving you as President of the Student Council. This has indeed been a privilege and an experience I will long remember. The co-operation extended to me by my vice-president, Philip Couch, and the student council, has proven invaluable. I will always thank you for your help and encouragement.

At this point, I would like to congratulate the hardworking yearbook committee, and all those who showed their interest in it by submitting various articles. It was a real first in River Heights' history and for this we are indebted to Miss Menzies and the editor, Judy Taylor. I hope those students taking our places will follow this lead and will consider it as I do, an honour to be able to contribute to these pages.

In closing, I would like to say that although you may never have the experience of expressing yourself before a student council as President, I hope you will consider the responsibilities that may rest on your shoulders, and strive to do everything to make your school a real part of you.

-Pat Campbell.

To the students and staff of River Heights School:

Hello everybody,

On behalf of the Editorial Staff of the year book I should like to express my appreciation to all teachers who supported "The Heights" and especially to Miss Menzies for the time and work devoted to the attainment of our first year book.

To "The Heights" representatives, various editors, and students who supported our efforts, I am very grateful. Producing a year book is a great deal of work, Arranging for the pictures and advertising, stirring up interest, and selecting the best articles were only a part of the construction of "The Heights".

Looking ahead to next year, I hope the future students of grades seven, eight, and nine will turn out a bigger and better year book. We have led the way by our first publication. More support from the student body and staff and an earlier start would benefit next year's book.

It has been a great honour for me to be editor of "The Heights". From this experience I have received great benefit. I should like once again, to thank all involved in the presentation of our first year book, and to extend best wishes to next year's editorial staff.

-Judy Taylor

COMMUNITY CLUB

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY....."

Congratulations on such a fine publication. We are not too serious when we suggest that school is all work, but we are serious when we suggest that you will receive a real welcome at your Community Club. Designed for healthy recreation, like yourselves, we aspire to the Heights.

The objective of the Club is to build full and active

participation in sports, games, and crafts. This is your Club, financed and run by your mothers and dads. We hope that you will participate and enjoy the Club's facilities.

Greetings and best wishes to you all at River Heights.

See you after four.

Very sincerely,

E. A. Park,

President.

River Heights Home and School Association

To the graduating class of the River Heights School:

At the end of another academic year it is my privilege to congratulate you on your intellectual achievements, on the helpful friendships you have formed, and on the enrichment of personality that you have gained through the manifold contacts of your school life. I offer you my best wishes for a useful, happy and truly successful career ahead of you. The best contribution that you as students can make to the community is to further your education and become a part and parcel of the body politic and the body social.

Make a good showing in your studies; better still make a good life.

Dr. B. B. Cantor,

President.

HOME & SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The Home and School Association has had 3 successful years, having for those years the following presidents; Mr. H. McEwen, the late husband of the Grade 7 Home Economics teacher, Mrs. McEwen, and Mr. McNeill for the second year, and Dr. B. B. Cantor for this year.

This association meets approximately six times a year with an average attendance of 200 parents and teachers. Compared to other Home and Schools, this attendance is quite good.

The Home and School is not a money making organization but it did give \$100 to the library and an interclass competition shield to River Heights.

The food for the Home and School meetings is supplied by various mothers of the students of different appointed classrooms. However, the first year there was a social committee set up for the refreshments. The second year the mothers of the student council supplied the refreshments.

The Home and School has a good executive lined up for next year headed by the president elect, Mr. R. Moffat and hopes to have the support of all parents.

Marilyn Isaac,
Room 1.

GRADE NINE

Room 1

Top row - Diane Bishop, Margaret-Anne Burns, Morag Campbell, Pat Campbell, Lesley Donald, Suzanne Epstein, Veldon Ferns, Susan Haid, Diana Hay, Marilyn Isaac, Georgine Kerr, Sharon Moyer.
Second row - Jane Rutledge, Rivian Schachter, Judy Taylor, Barrie-Ruth Waldman, Bonnie Zinman, Dennis Cleve, Sam Corman, Jim Eldridge, Douglas Garnett, Charles Golfman, David Matas, David McDonald.
Bottom row - Ross McIntosh, Ronald Miles, Chrys Pappas, Stephen Phillips, Arnold Popeski, Paul Remis, David Secter, Philip Slayton.

Room 2

Top row - Janet Beemond, Stephanie Christie, Louise Doran, Merle Henderson, Irene Hofmeister, Barbara Kossats, Christine Lymburner, Valdean McAndrew, Jackie McLean, Emily Pentilchuk, Dianne Rhodes, Peggy Robson.
Second row - Susan Sabran, Sandra Sterdan, Vera Swiatecki, Brian Boles, Peter Brehaut, Keith Caldwell, Barrie Campbell, Nick Christie, David Collins, Stephen Cox, George Fenton, John Gibson.
Bottom row - John Haig, Peter Hart, Jack Harvey, David Janzen, Paul Laurin, Alan Lomas, Mike MacKenzie, Peter Moss, Walter Pollock, Murray Trepel, Ernie Warkentin.

Room 3

Top row - Claire Bryden, Margaret Buchanan, Lynette Colborne, Carolyn Cox, Jennifer Dawson, Janice Driver, Barbara Fenn, Shirley Hurst, Joan Klurfine, Muriel Laird, Margaret Marlin, Alison McNeill.
Second row - Leslie Meloff, Marilyn Monk, Janice Morgan, Maureen Pierce, Ricki Posner, Carol Robson, Rosalind Scott, Susan Silverman, Wilma Smith, Sieglinde Stieda, David Christie, Philip Couch.
Bottom row - John Higenbottom, David Lockhart, John MacDonald, Alex MacDonell, James McJannet, Bernard Nepon, Fenton Patterson, James Ross, William Ross, Laurie Rubin, Ron Rubin, David Stevens.





Room 4

Top row - Myra Berger, Debby Brick, Susan Corne, Sandra Eggertson, Sandra Galpern, Frances Greene, Cynthia Gunn, Katherine Kaufmann, Judy McGuire, Margot Medland, Sharon Medzon, Brenda Michie.

Second row - Rosmarin Peters, Marilyn Setler, Gail Singer, Sandra Springman, Nancy Tod, Frances Toews, Laurence Barkwell, Brian Cox, Bruce Druxerman, John Gartrell, Garth Gisell, Grant Gisell.

Bottom row - Nick Graver, David Harvey, Sandy Hutchings, Neil Kay, Bryan Klein, Roger Lyons, David Morrison, John Murray, Jim Stephens, Neil Stitz, Fred Warkentine.

Room 5

Top row - Marilyn Abbot, Nelda Bartlett, Anne Bennett, Linda Benningen, Lynn Campbell, Margaret Cooper, Dianne Croft, Marilyn Davey, Lynda Davis, Joan Flook, Sandra Jepson, Joan Laing.

Second row - Linda Laing, Marjorie Moulden, Donna Page, Mary Paterson, Edith Plejdrup, Margaret Rigby, Judy Swan, Floyd Anderson, Douglas Baylis, Lloyd Cohen, Ross Forrest, Steven Genser.

Bottom row - Paul Gladstone, Harold Hardy, Bill Harshaw, Frank Holland, David Hovey, Stuart Lang, David Little, Bruce Lodge, David McCrea, Brian McLean, Bob Millman, Robert Parker, Bob Parker.

Room 6

Top row - Cynthia Berney, Marilyn Cameron, Frances Cohen, Janet Crossley, Catherine Doern, Sally Doupe, Mary English, Sheila Gold, Lauraine Gray, Judy Gurevick, Penny Hutchison, Lucille Karlicki.

Second Row - Catherine MacLeod, Doreen Mork, Mary Nowell, Jean Patterson, Lynn Seaborn, Gaye Smith, Marsha Taylor, Marlene White, Kathy Wilson, Raymond Coughlan, Elliot Fingerote, Bob Giesbrecht, Jim Jacobson.

Bottom row - Tom MacDonald, Ross McKinnon, Rod McNaughton, Eric Ostfield, Alan Puttee, Ken Rubin, Richard Smith, Winston Smith, Ted Truman, Ronnie Wintrobe, Neil Wittman.

Room 7

Top row - Diane Aron, Judy Aron, Ruth Bleet, Ronnie Bricker, Bonnie Cantor, Connie Davidson, Joanne Gifford, Linda LaMontagne, Ainley McLeod, Noreen Raber, Sheila Rosen, Evelynne Rubin.
Second row - Susan Shatsky, Lois Smitten, Pat Sparrow, Aldis Wengel, Sarahlee Wolfson, Ken Carpenter, Brian Chard, Neil Dawson, Stephen Decter, Dale Downey, Roger Foster, Brian Glanfield.
Bottom row - Rod Hunter, Michael Lee, John Lewis, Bill Matthews, Bruce McAuley, Jim Miller, Alan Moss, Graeme Parkinson, Ian Whyte.

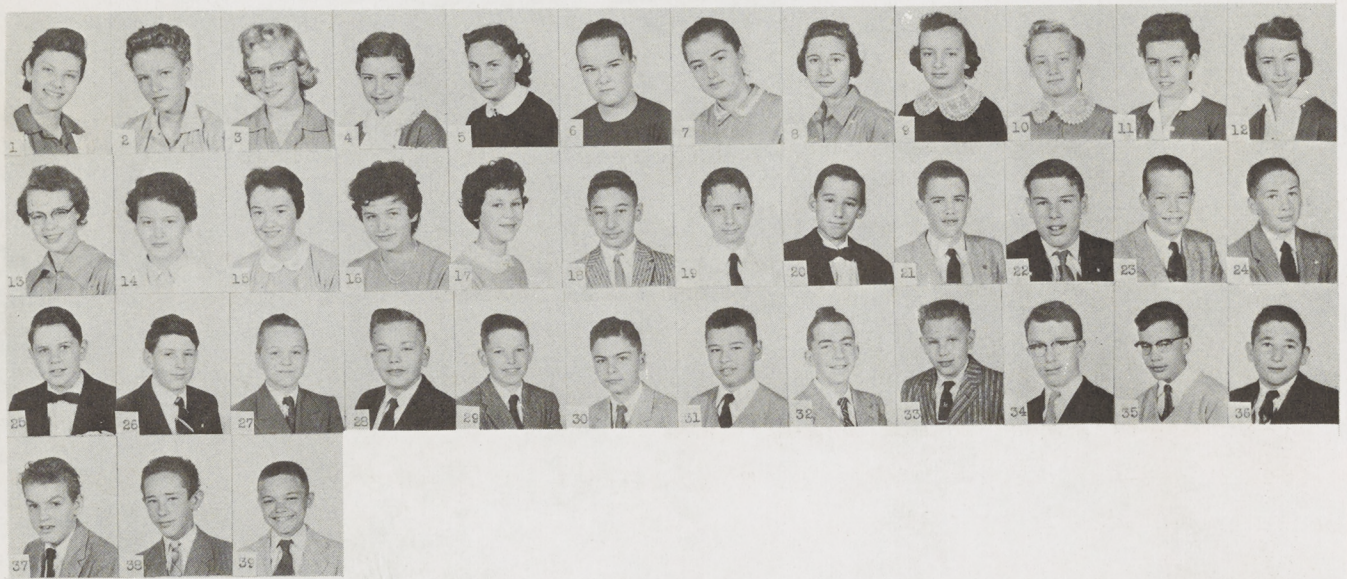
Room 10

Top row - Lynne Adamson, Margaret Baryliski, Lynn Brockie, Gaye Dixon, Andrea Greenberg, Patsy Howell, Judy Kennedy, Marjorie Kolodie, Sharon Lalonde, Gail McSweeney, Judy Meronek, Sharon Miller.
Second row - Barbara Mott, Florence Skinner, Ginny Toothill, Lorrita Warwick, Dianne Watchorn, Donna Winstone, Bill Ainsley, Bobby Clark, Trevor Dixon, Wayne Fearnside, Martin Forbes, Bob Gregory.
Bottom row - David Hubbs, David Linzel, Jim Martin, David McCorriston, Peter McIntyre, Bill Sayth.

Room 11

Top row - Petty Bacon, Carol Brown, Shelagh Campbell, John Dempsey, Dossie Harrison, Betty Kennedy, Beverley Korman, Ann Leatherdale, Rosemary Mathews, Margaret McCrone, Mary Mitchell, Lynne Oberding.
Second row - Alix Perdue, Carolyn Peterson, Lee Stewart, Julie Strom, Lynne Thacker, Pamela Wintrup, Bob Akman, Ray Bystrom, Bob Cooper, Michael Cox, Roger Cox, Joe Diner.
Bottom row - Bryon Gale, Hart Greenberg, Brad Hope, Brian Malinsky, Randy Moffatt, Richard Nemes, Gordon Pazuk, David Phillips, Frank Spalding, Dennis Stephens, Don Stewart, Gerald Swindell, Ken Walker.





GRADE EIGHT

Room 8

Top Row - 1, Gail Beresford 2, Barbara Boivin 3, Frances Dunlop 4, Penny Ferguson 5, Judy Lenine 6, Nancy Mathews 7, Karen McCrimmon 8, Bette Jean Mowat 9, Pamela Poole 10, Sharon Pry 11, Margaret Ridge 12, Alison Sawney.

Second Row - 13, Ulricke Schludermann 14, Gerry Stein 15, David Averback 16, Richard Baker 17, Reg Berzuk 18, John Bovard 19, Peter Campbell 20, Gary Cohen 21, Adolph Fritz 22, Vaughan Lloyd 23, Ricky Lord 24, Terry McDowell.

Third Row - 25, Gary Miles 26, Michael Powell 27, David Nosworthy 28, Bobby Segal 29, Barry Silverdale 30, Sheldon Smith 31, Dauny Winestock 34, Terry Wright.

Room 9

Top Row - Judy Dolton 2, Carol Figures 3, Leena Jyrkkanen 4, Wendy Laughlin 5, Diane Law 6, Toni Leipsie 7, Pat Meadwell 8, Joan Omson 9, Ann Peart 10, Marjorie Peart 11, Linda Phillips 12, Vicky Stubbs

Second Row - 13, Kathleen Taylor 14, Rosemary Thiesson 15, Betty Walters 16, Marcie Waugh 17, Belva Weisz 18, Barry Berman 19, David Blair 20, John Burstow 21, John Davidson 22, Bob Grose 23, Jamie Ishister 24, Hugh Kerr

Third Row - 25, Tom Mark 26, Jim McClements 27, David Moulton 28, Derry Nelson 29, Peter Noble 30, Lyle Norrie 31, Richard Pastuck 32, Dave Phillips 23, Martin Rabinovitch 34, Michael Radcliffe, 35 Robbie Richards, 36, Ian Shaffer.

Bottom Row - 37, Graham Simpson 38, David Turner 39, Robert Urquhart.

Room 13

Top Row - Koreen Bennett, 2, Roxanne Christie

Second Row - 3, Sharon Currie, 4, Margot Demidovs, 5, Donna Doyle, 6, Pat Doyle, 7, Marlene Fidler, 8, Caro. Fieldhouse, 9, Audrey Halchakar, 10, Penny Jane Matthews, 11, Elaine Resnic, 12, Eric Bendall, 13, Rodney Boulay, 14, Doug. Campbell.

Third Row - 15, John Copsey, 16, Arnold Glugosh, 17, Norman Hilton, 18, Alton Matthews, 19, Jim McCulloch, 20, Ron. Murray, 21. Jack Newton, 22, Brian Podskalny, 23, Allen Rasmussen, 24, Bill Robertson, 25, Norman Smith, 26, Bob Smith.

Room 12

Top Row - 1 Evelyn Asowitch, 2 Leigh Black, 3 Janet Burch, 4 Deanna DeBow, 5 Pat Hamilton, 6 Mary Hodgson, 7 Mary Hovey, 8 Mary Moggey, 9 Cheryl Oake, 10 Virginia Reimer, 11 Susan Scott, 12 Karla Stone.

Second Row - 13 Lynn Stratton, 14 Jeannette Wiebe, 15 James Beckstead, 16 Kingsley Bowles, 17 Barry Condie, 18 Michael Cox, 19 Ian Delaney, 20 Bill Dott, 21 William Eisler, 22 Ken Harriott, 23 Irwin Isaac, 24 Rodney Keelty.

Bottom Row - 25 Murray Kirk, 26 Paul Kohlmeier, 27 Richard Koreen, 28 Andre Lymburner, 29 Brock MacMartin, 30 Marvin Pearlman, 31 Hart Peikoff, 32 Richard Renshaw, 33 Robert Renshaw, 34 Ronald Stevens, 35 Donald Thompson, 36 Thomas Townsend.

Room 15

Top Row - Valerie Anderson, 2 Bonnie Mae Book, 3 Sandra Dickson, 4 Penr. Divinsky, 5 Linda Donaldson, 6 Kathy Froom, 7 Lois Jones, 8 Shauna Spalding, 9 Linda Koven, 10 Jane Robertson, 11 Pat Rogers, 12 Elaine Salkeid.

Second Row - 13 Sandra Spalding, 14 Virginia Swiateck, 15 Janice Tolton, 16 Merrily Walker, 17 Rochelle Zimberg, 18 Grant Buchanan, 19 George Buddick, 20 Leslie Bursten, 21 Bob Cook, 22 Ray Don, 23 Doug Einarson, 24 Bruce Gee.

Third Row - 25 Harry Haid, 26 Allan Kirby, 27 Ralph Krolik, 28 Jack Lazareck, 29 Brock Mason, 30 Brian Morris, 31 John Purkess, 32 Don Thompson, 33 Laurence Tredger, 34 David Trueman, 35 Don Trueman, 36 Albin Geddy.

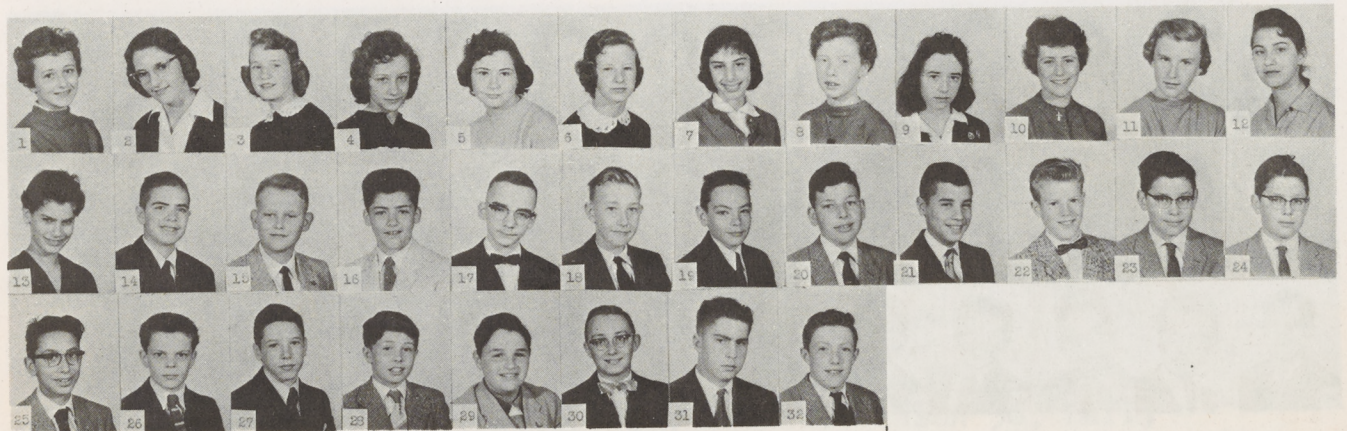
Not Pictured - Wayne Bond
Alan Dyker

Room 18

Top Row - Ronnie Brown, 2 Jolyne Conrad, 3 Lynne Cosgrove, 4 Maril Down, 5 Cathy Eamer, 6 Judy Knight, 7 Paula Mitchell.

Second Row - 8 Linda Moffat, 9 Judy Moran, 10 Pippi Morgan, 11 Joan Prescott, 12 Janis Rodin, 13 Ruth Spevack, 14 Charles Baker, 15 Bruce Berven, 16 Bert Bruser, 17 Fred Chambers, 18 David Doupe, 19 Lawrence French.

Bottom Row - 20 Neil Hershfield, 21 Leslie Katz, 22 Ian Kirkpatrick, 23 Arnold Leventhal, 24 Edward Lipson, 25 Gerry Mark, 26 Terence Moore, 27 Ian Parker, 28 Raymond Schachter, 29 George Torpey, 30 Bill Webster, 31 Jim Wood.





Room 16

Row 1 - 1, Shirley Bartlett 2, Gail Douglas 3, Lynne Gill 4, Joyce Gladstone 5, Lynn Kelly 6, Lois Ludwick 7, Norma MacLeod 8, Mary-Lynn McLean 9, Doreen Mitchell 10, Pamela Moore 11, Jeanne Olson 12, Valerie Ritchie 13, Diana Sanders.

Row 2 - 14, Nancy Smith 15, Joan Stewart 16, Evelyn Whitehead 17, Donald Arnovitch 18, George Barkwell 19, Gordon Barr 20, Jack Black 21, Jim Clarke 22, Peter Grifford 23, Bruce Goodall 24, Barry Hunter 25, Ted Jackson 26, Richard Levine.

Row 3 - 27, Stan Loptson 28, Allan Millar 29, Ken Plews 30, Gordon Prouse 31, Gerry Rogers 32, Dave Sharpe 33, Bob Stewart 34, Tom Taliman 35, Ken White 36, James Woolnough 37, Robert Woolnough 38, Jeff Wright.

Not Shown - John Card

Room 17

Top Row - 1, Tannis Abraham 2, Sally Dales 3, Louise Dorfman 4, Sally Fisher 5, Marge Gillies 6, Tiana Gowron 7, Peggy Hecht 8, Donna Hutcheon 9, Janis Jacob 10, Helene Klassen 11, Dawn Rew 12, Sandra Rosenberg 13, Lindsay Scott.

Second Row - 14, Joan Sharpe 15, Margie Smith 16, Vincie Tana-chow 17, Ruthlee Teskey 18, Ken Baker 19, Bruce Berman 20, Ricky Best 21, Alex Carr 22, Jerry Dawson 23, Ian Fairfield 24, Colin Gartside 24, Michael Guest 26, Spencer Harrison.

Third Row - 27, Dale Kennedy 28, George Kennedy 29, Sub Ketchen 30, Peter Kobrinsky 31, John Johnson 32, Leslie Landes 33, Peter Little 34, David Loat 35, Larry McClarty 36, Norm Martin 37, Norm Smith 38, Klaus Spitz 39, Errol Tapper.

Room 20

Row One - 1, Tanis Arnett 2, Margaret Boulton 3, Margaret Brownie 4, Linda Buggy 5, Liz Cooper 6, Susan Elders 7, Phyllis Gussin 8, Kay-Diane Kuhnke 9, Mary Lee 10, Marsha Levine 11, Lorna McFarland 12, Eleanor Nozick 13, Jackie Pauls.

Row Two - 14, Terry Portigal 15, Barbara Qualtrough 16, Judy Taylor 17, Jeremy Andison 18, Ian Drummond 19, Harold Dunstan 20, Howard Elliott 21, Buddy Gardiner 22, John Gordon 23, Brian Holl 24, Mannie Matas 25, Horst Pacher 26, Paul Rathgeber.

Row Three - 27, Vincent Roper 28, Eric Schieman 29, Mark Schlingerman 30, Harvey Sector 31, Phil Stevenson 36, Barry Vincent 37, Tim Walker 38, John Wilson.

Grade Seven

Room 14

Top Row - 1, Beth Akman 2, Linda Croft 3, Judy Forrest 4, Gail Freed 5, Rhoda Goldman 6, Barbara Graham 7, Diana Harland 8, Debbi Kalesky 9, Ricki Klass 10, Joanne Kobold 11, Ellen Lyons 12, Margaret Metcalfe.

Second Row - 13, Diane Passalis 14, Harriet Sandell 15, Joan Schiachter 16, Linda Skoog 17, Jane Wintrup 18, Bobby Dornstein 19, Barry Blick 20, Brian Blick 21, Bill Brock 22, Charles Cohen 23, Peter Davies, 24, Dennis Elliott.

Bottom Row - 25, Cris Goss 26, Milton Gunn 27, Michael Kaplan 28, Brian Olafson 29, Glenr Ramsay 30, Harvey Rose 31, Brian Watt 32, Kurt Wengel 33, Donald Young.

Missing - Rene Caron.

Room 21

Top Row - 1, Marjorie Boyd 2, Jane Bremer 3, Lynn Craton 4, Judy Doran 5, Lynne Drysdale 6, Marcia Gordon 7, Brenda Johnson 8, Shelley Labovitch 9, Diane MacMillan 10, Wendy Mathews 11, Heather McFarlane 12, Heather Munro.

Second Row - 13, Carol Nitikman 14, Claudia Senton 15, Joan Swayze 16, James Bartsch 17, Rick Borland 18, Brian Corrin 19, Terry Dempsey, 20, Paul Flatt, 21, Gerald Gauthier, 22, Lawrence Halparin, 23, Anthony Jardine, 24, John Johnson.

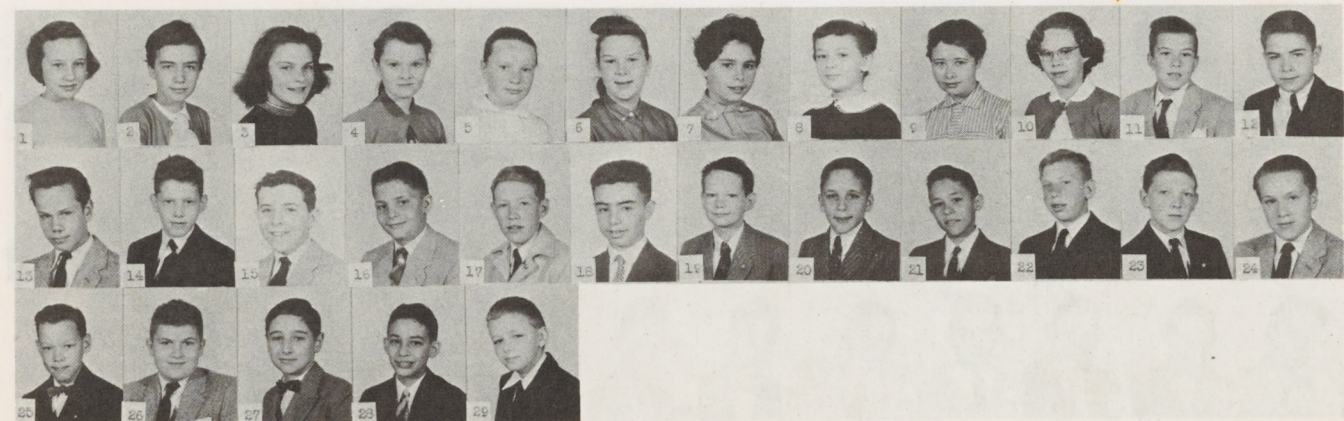
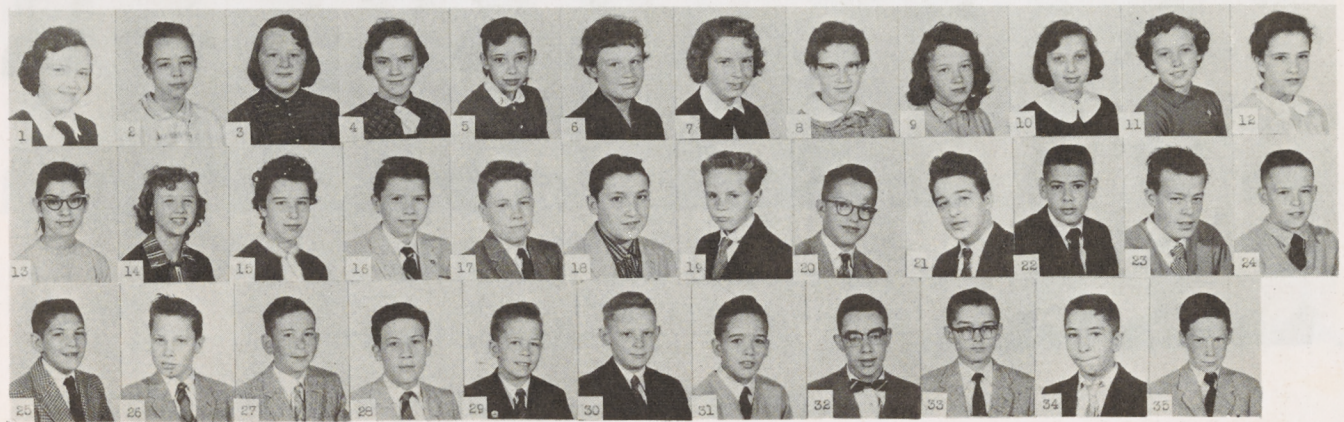
Bottom Row - 25, Ian Kay, 26, Peter McGuire, 27, Paul Olin, 28, Michael Ostfield, 29, Bruce Robinson, 30, Noel Schachter, 31, David Spiers, 32, Melvin Springman, 33, Glenn Stanley, 34, Manly Waldman, 35, Alex White.

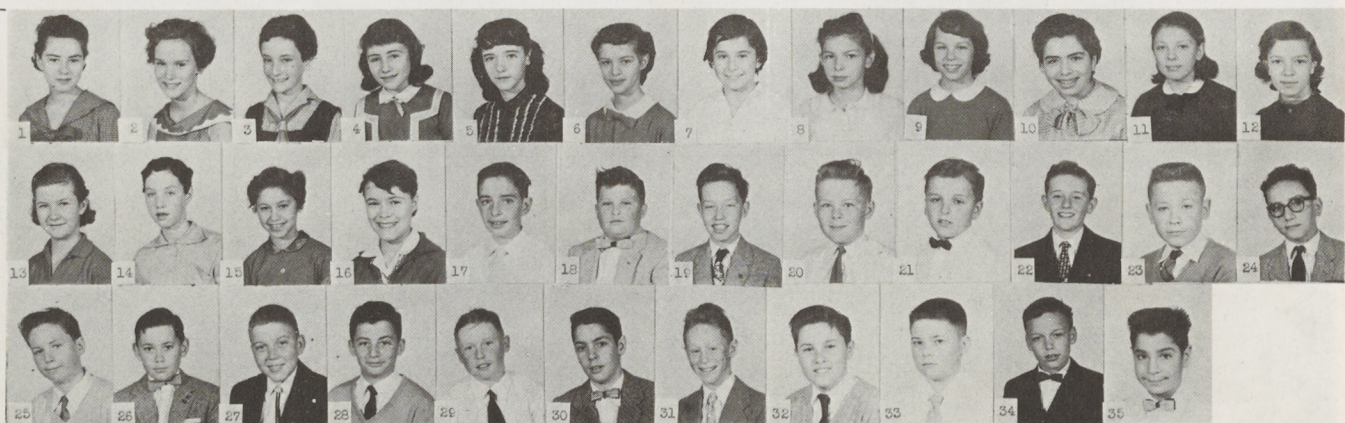
Room 22

Top Row - 1, Lorna Bartlett, 2, Sue Blanchaer, 3, Diane Campbell, 4, Pat Ireland, 5, Barbara McCrea, 6, Lorna Medd, 7, Terry Miner, 8, Carla Remis, 9, Pat Serebrin, 10, Helen Wellwood, 11, Gordon Argue, 12, Allan Baker.

Second Row - 13, Andy Bjerring, 14, David Bolton, 15, Jim Donahue, 16, George Gartrell, 17, Bob Grieve, 18, Alan Guberman, 19, John Holding, 20, Jay Ingram, 21, Fern Kreton, 22, Donald MacLean, 23, David Millar, 24, Guenther Pacher.

Bottom Row - 25, John Roberts, 26, Peter Simmie, 27, Pat Sinnott, 28, David Starr, 29, Norman Wilde.





Room 23

Top Row - 1, Lydia Albani 2, Barbara Dixon 3, Teresa Doherty 4, Janet Fosh 5, Catherine Green 6, Marsha Karr 7, Rhonda Krindle 8, Elaine Lee 9, Rosalyn Linhart 10, Carolyn Lupa 11, Susan MacKinnon 12, Ann Mason.

Second Row - 13, Shirely Melosh 14, Mary Richards 15, Virginia Snead 16, Carole Teskey 17, Shirley Warkentin 18, John Armytage 19, Bruce Barr 20, Ted Blake 21, Douglas Bracken 22, Jock Campbell 23, David Crystal 24, Peter Grout.

Bottom Row - 25, Walter Hollenberg 26, John Ison 27, Buddy Kolodie 28, Gerry Ludwick 29, Charles Marmar 30, Bob Maggey 31, Arthur Monk 32, Stewart Murray 33, Ross Rowntree 34, Charles Shore 35, Martin Zimmerman.

Room 24

Top Row - 1, Rosalie Emel 2, Carol Fletcher 3, Barbara Genser 4, Lyn e Gooch 5, Dale Harris 6, Averill Hubble 7, Gail Marchant 8, Margaret MacKenzie 9, Penny McSkimmings 10, Elizabeth Patterson 11, Sharon Remmel 12, Marilyn Shute.

Second Row - 13, Patsy Smith 14, Marilyn Young 15, Jim Andrew 16, Neil Baker 17, Wayne Clarke 18, Brian Curry 19, George Davidson 20, Mervyn Fischer 21, Vincent Loptson 22, Neil MacNamara 23, George Manhard 24, Bryan Rowntree.

Third Row - 25, Brian Mathieson 26, Harry Qualtrough 27, Brian Siebert.

Not Shown: - Leslie Kovacs
- Donald Sutherland

Room 25

Top Row 1, Janine Cutler 2, Carole Isaac 3, Lorraine Koren 4, Sherry Le Gallee 5, Christine McLeod 6, Noreen Morrill 7, Audrey Pearlman 8, Frances Ridge 9, Lynn Ross 10, Stacia Shatz 11, Leslie Stevenson 12, Janet Stewart.

Second Row - 13 Marsha Udow 14, Donna Whitelaw 15, Lynn Winters 16, Linda Young 17, Jack Birt 18, Bob Aitkenhead 19, Arthur Claxton 20, Richard Dixon 21, Jim Dvorak 22, Bob Fraser 23, Bill Gavin 24, Ron Geller.

Third Row - 25, Bruce Goldring 26, Jack Gowenlock 27, Bill Jennings 28, Pat Kelly 29, Brian Law 30, Duncan Paisley 31, Norman Schafer 32, Tom Stevenson 33, Tex Sullivan 34, Cam Williams 35, Leonard Zenith.

Room 26

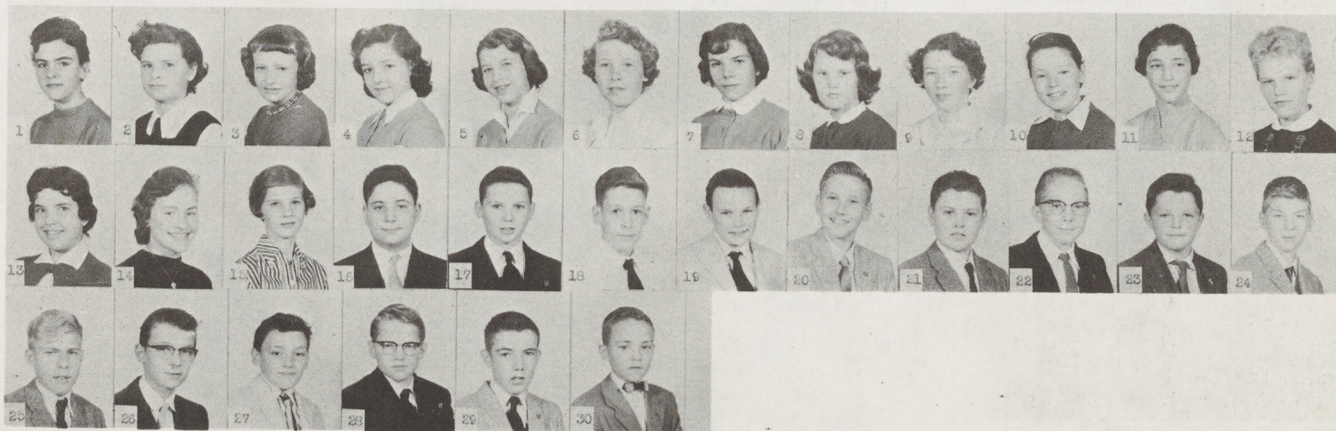
Top row - 1 Jeanne Blackert, 2 Sandra Dean, 3 Cheryl Golden,
4 Maureen Haddow, 5 Lois Howe, 6 Diedre Irons, 7 Rene Israels,
8 Brenda Jacobson, 9 Dianne Keith, 10 Glen Kennedy,
11 Vicki McAndrew, 12 Leslie Medland.
Second row - 13 Karen Morrison, 14 Kathleen Riddell
15 Sharna Simkin, 16 Sandra Sparling, 17 Dolores Tonelli,
18 Leanna Wells, 19 Colin Brown, 20 Gerald Corrie, 21 Peter Duffy,
22 Arnold Gale, 23 Bill Hodgins, 24 Brian Hunt.
Bottom row - 25 Hart Katz, 26 David Naylor, 27 Colin Reed,
28 David Remis, 29 Robert Ritchie, 30 Peter Rogerson, 31 Harold Sures,
32 Bob Toothill, 33 Bruce Whyte, 34 Bill Wright.

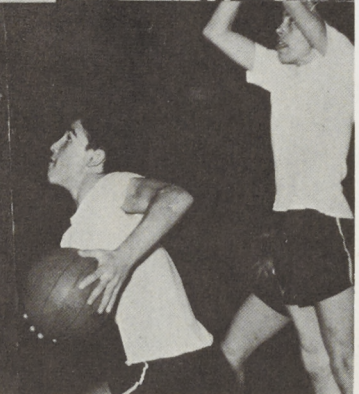
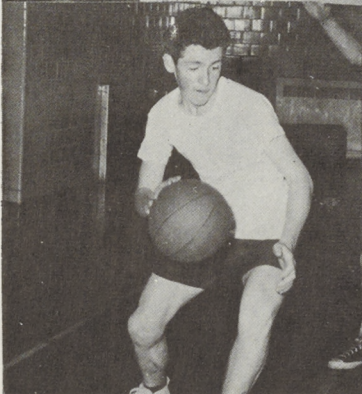
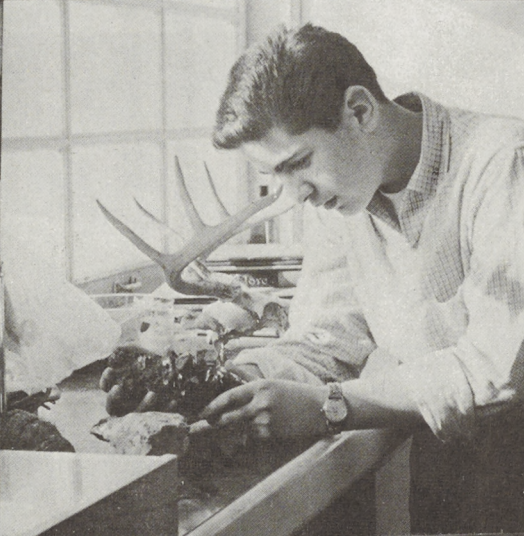
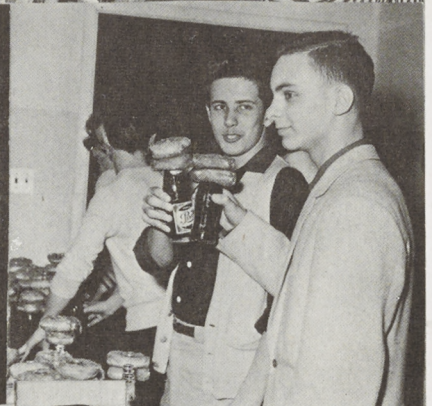
Room 27

Top row - 1 Janet Armstrong, 2 Dianne Banham, 3 Beverley Broderick,
4 Merlene Buddick, 5 Joanne Dick, 6 Barbara Hall, 7 Sidne Hudson,
8 Brenda Kapitan, 9 Eileen MacDonald, 10 Judy Quinn,
11 Diane Rankin, 12 Colette Sabran.
Second row - 13 Brenda Smitten, 14 Michele Taylor,
15 Joyce Wolinsky, 16 Judy Wolinsky, 17 John Bell, 18 Ross Bond,
19 Bill Carlson, 20 John Cook, 21 Bob Davis, 22 Tommy Dodds,
23, Ken Finkleman, 24 Herbie Grosney.
Bottom row - 25 Keith Irvine, 26 Henry Janzen, 27 Murray Mazer,
28 Brad Pallen, 29 Tom Peters, 30 Ralph Prygrocki,
31 Stan Schwartz, 32 Earl Shibou, 33 Donald Taylor,
34 Maureen Brooks.

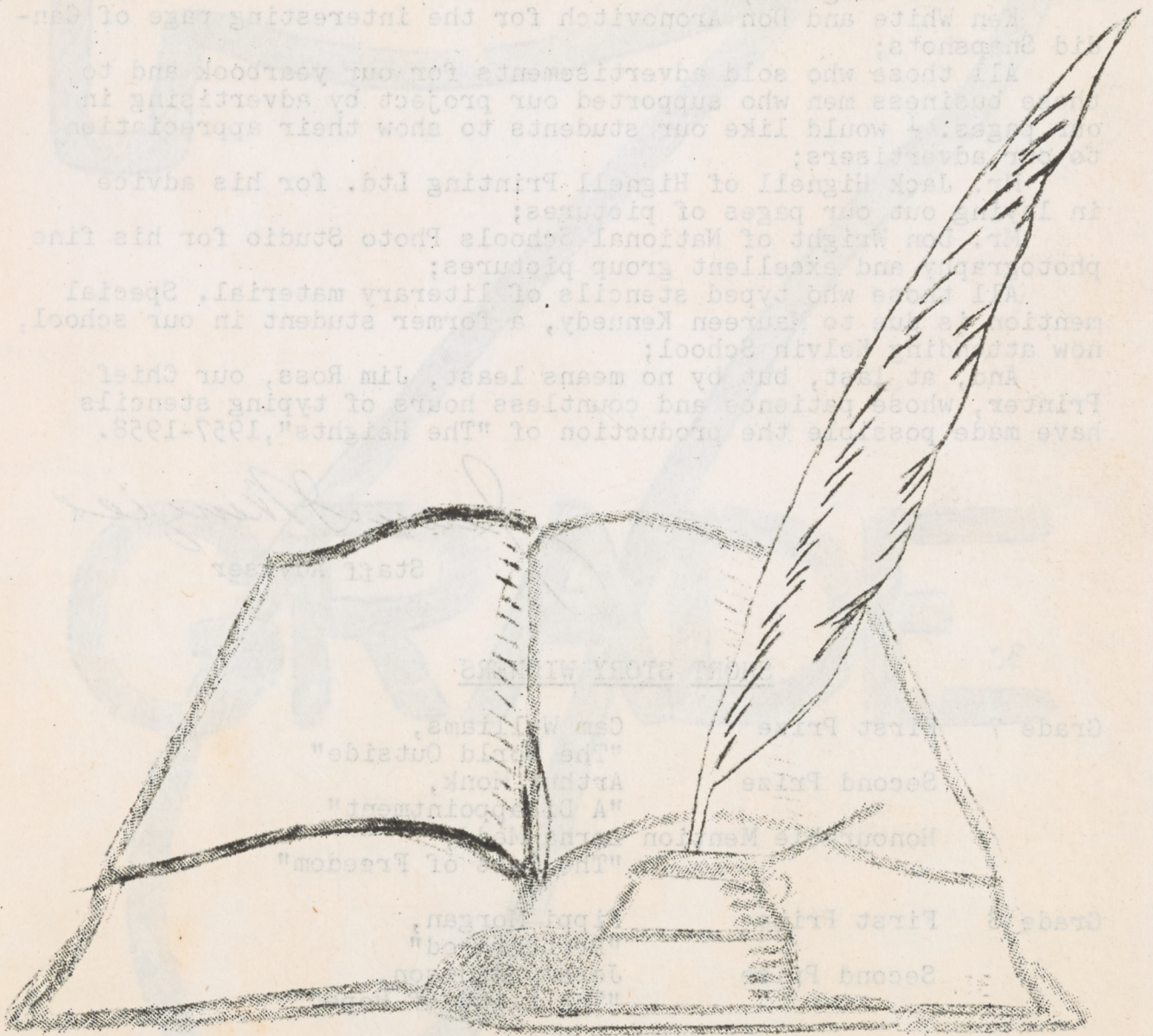
Room 28

Top row - 1 Margaret Billings, 2 Susan Cadham, 3 Dale Cooper,
4 Ellen Cuthbert, 5 Jackie Davis, 6 Susan Docker, 7 Marilyn Harris,
8 Barbara Levack, 9 Marilyn MacDonald, 10 Sandra Phillips,
11 Anna-May Silver, 12 Bette Smith.
Second row - 13 Carla Singer, 14 Judy Vestner,
15 Diann Wootton, 16 Arthur Blankstein, 17 Donald Darrach,
18 John Dixon, 19 John France, 20 Roy Mills, 21 Peter Misener,
22 Dale Newsham, 23 Brian O'Donnell, 24 Clive Parks.
Bottom row - 25 Ross Phillips, 26 Bill Routledge,
27 Ken Sterdan, 28 Ian Sutherland, 29 Tom Toothill,
30 Bill Yager. Not pictured - Shirley Keeping, Brian Brooks
Jim Thacker.





LITERARY



The above stories are shown on the following pages.

I would like to express my appreciation to:

Mr. and Mrs. M. Schachter for donating and presenting the pennants to winners of our Short Story Contest;

Mr. Thomas Bell, our school Treasurer, for so ably and patiently handling our financial affairs.

Miss Ruth Pybus for mounting the individual photographs for our class pages;

All members of the teaching staff who gave such cheerful co-operation in various ways;

Mrs. Miriam Morrison, our ever obliging Secretary, for her patience and cheerful help;

Judy Taylor, our Editor-in-Chief, and her efficient corps of Gestetner operators;

Jim Eldridge for the attractive illustrations which add so much to "The Heights";

Ken White and Don Aronovitch for the interesting page of Candid Snapshots;

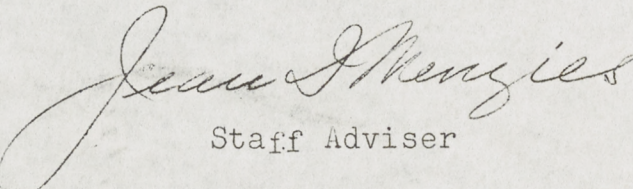
All those who sold advertisements for our yearbook and to those business men who supported our project by advertising in our pages. I would like our students to show their appreciation to our advertisers;

Mr. Jack Hignell of Hignell Printing Ltd. for his advice in laying out our pages of pictures;

Mr. Don Wright of National Schools Photo Studio for his fine photography and excellent group pictures;

All those who typed stencils of literary material. Special mention is due to Maureen Kennedy, a former student in our school, now attending Kelvin School;

And, at last, but by no means least, Jim Ross, our Chief Printer, whose patience and countless hours of typing stencils have made possible the production of "The Heights", 1957-1958.


Staff Adviser

SHORT STORY WINNERS

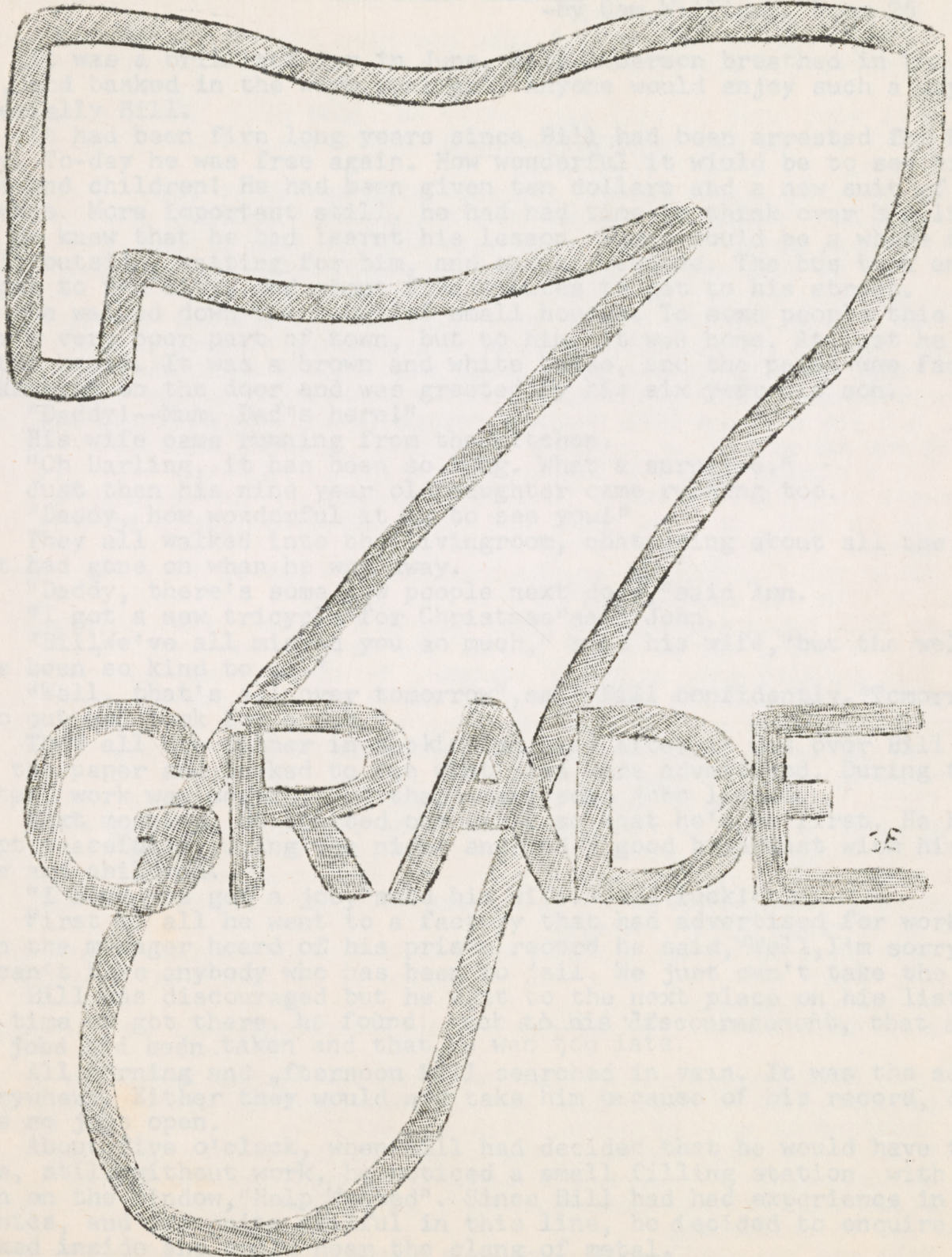
Grade 7	First Prize	Cam Williams, "The World Outside"
	Second Prize	Arthur Monk, "A Disappointment"
	Honourable Mention	Lorna Medd, "The Cost of Freedom"
Grade 8	First Prize	Pippi Morgan, "Brotherhood"
	Second Prize	Jeremy Andison, "The Light of Hope"
Grade 9	Best Literary Effort--	Sieglinde Stieda, "Visiting"

The above stories are shown on the following pages.

Short Story Contest

First Prize Winner

The World Outside



SE

Short Story Contest

-First Prize Winner

The World Outside

-by Cam Williams, Room 25

It was a brilliant day in June. Bill Anderson breathed in the fresh air, and basked in the warm sunlight. Anyone would enjoy such a day, especially Bill.

It had been five long years since Bill had been arrested for burglary. To-day he was free again. How wonderful it would be to see his wife and children! He had been given ten dollars and a new suit of clothes. More important still, he had had time to think over his life, and he knew that he had learnt his lesson. There would be a whole new world outside, waiting for him, and another chance. The bus took an hour to get to the city, and about five minutes to get to his street.

He walked down the block of small houses. To some people this would seem a very poor part of town, but to him, it was home. At last he came to the house. It was a brown and white house, and the paint was faded. He knocked on the door and was greeted by his six year old son.

"Daddy!--Mum, Dad's here!"

His wife came running from the kitchen.

"Oh Darling, it has been so long. What a surprise."

Just then his nine year old daughter came running too.

"Daddy, how wonderful it is to see you!"

They all walked into the livingroom, chattering about all the events that had gone on when he was away.

"Daddy, there's some new people next door," said Ann.

"I got a new tricycle for Christmas" said John.

"Bill, We've all missed you so much," said his wife, "but the welfare have been so kind to us."

"Well, that's all over tomorrow", said Bill confidently. "Tomorrow I go out and look for a job."

They all ate dinner in the kitchen, and after it was over Bill got out the paper and looked to see what jobs were advertised. During the winter, work was scarce, but there were some jobs listed.

Next morning, he started out early so that he'd be first. He had slept peacefully during the night and had a good breakfast with his wife and children.

"I hope you get a job," said his wife. "Good luck!"

First of all he went to a factory that had advertised for workers. When the manager heard of his prison record he said, "Well, I'm sorry, but we can't hire anybody who has been to jail. We just can't take the chance"

Bill was discouraged but he went to the next place on his list. By the time he got there, he found: much to his discouragement, that all the jobs had been taken and that he was too late.

All morning and afternoon Bill searched in vain. It was the same story everywhere. Either they would not take him because of his record, or there were no jobs open.

About five o'clock, when Bill had decided that he would have to go home, still without work, he noticed a small filling station with a sign on the window, "Help Wanted". Since Bill had had experience in mechanics, and was quite skilful in this line, he decided to enquire. He walked inside and could hear the clang of metal.

"Do you need an extra mechanic?" he asked the man at the desk.

"Yes, we do. What is your name?" was the reply.

"It is Bill Anderson."

"Have you had any experience?"

"Yes, I have, but I think I should tell you that I have a jail record," Bill answered, afraid that he would lose the job, but feeling he would have to tell the truth.

"Well," replied the owner, "since you have admitted it, I will give you a chance. You can start tomorrow at a hundred and seventy-five a month."

Bill went home to tell his family the good news. The job was small, but it was steady and he would be able to provide for the family. He felt very lucky.

Next morning was rainy and drizzly. Bill was up at seven o'clock sharp so that he would be there on time. It was Saturday and the children slept in, and he and his wife were able to talk things over quietly. He arrived at work early. It was a busy day morning and he would be glad to get home.

When he was leaving he was very alarmed to see three of his old friends who had been in on the robbery with him, coming towards him.

"Glad to hear you're out, Bill," said one of them, "but don't tell me you are working there for peanuts. We have a fool-proof way of robbing the bank, and you can get five years earnings in one night. We're willing to let you in on it."

For a minute Bill was tempted. It was true his work was hard and he wasn't earning very much. Then it came back to him how miserable he had been in jail, and how proud and happy his family were to have him back again.

"It's not for me, fellas," he said quickly before he could change his mind. "I'm not interested."

As Bill continued home he knew he had done the right thing, and when he told his wife, her pride of his action made it worthwhile.

Bill settled into a steady routine. He was up early every morning, and off to a hard day's work. Then he would return home and play with the children, making up for all the years he had been away from them.

One day, when when he returned home from work as usual, his wife rushed to the door to meet him.

"Bill," she said, "I can't understand it. All day people have been asking me if we want to sell our house. Do you know anything about it?"

Bill thought for a moment. There had been something in the newspaper about a big factory building there. He became excited too. If the company should want their house and land, small though it was, it would be worth a lot of money.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Bill opened it and the man standing there said, "Is this the residence of Mr. Anderson? I would like to speak to him."

When Bill invited him in the man introduced himself as Mr. Campbell.

"You have probably read that our firm is building a factory near this property and we would like to buy your land. We are offering twenty-five thousand as our top price. Will you sell?"

Bill practically fainted. The house was worth four thousand dollars at the most! "Of course," he managed to say. Tom was the happiest man alive. This was his real chance at last. That night the Andersons dined out to celebrate.

Bill and his family now live in a smart, new house which is well-furnished. With some of the money he bought a partnership in the garage where he got a job as a mechanic.

Bill often says that he knows that many of the men who have been jailed have not been as lucky as he. He also says that he feels that many have learnt their lesson, and, with hard work, can get on again.

In fact, Bill Anderson says, "It's a wonderful world--Outside!"

-Second Prize Winner

The Disappointment

-by Arthur Monk, Room 23.

On a cool summer evening the three boys sat outside watching the sun laze its way to bed. Jim suddenly snapped out of his pensive mood and said, "Well, I think Tom and I will go and hit the hay."

After some thought Larry said "Well, maybe I should too, although I could stay out here all night."

Tom and Jim were brothers and both were well built, but of the two Tom was the older boy. They lived just down the street from their pal Larry who was a short chubby fellow with a large appetite. Larry hated sleeping and didn't take much interest in sports.

Early the next morning Larry came over and called on the boys. He was a little more serious this morning than his usual self.

"I have an idea," said Larry.

"Let's hear it," replied Jim.

"It's just that I heard that there was a lost goldmine somewhere around here!" said Larry. "My Dad is going on a hunting trip in the approximate vicinity of the mine and says he'd like to take us."

"Well, I don't think I can go," said Jim, "You see I can't even hold a gun."

"Don't you see that we're going to hunt for a mine instead of deer and other such things? Larry replied.

"Well what about your Dad? Won't he have to hunt alone?" said Tom.

"He's taking two other men with him, replied Larry. "He also says that if we bring our own camping equipment, we can camp out alone."

"That's just swell" said Jim, "May we go Mom?"

"Of course you may go; You're old enough to take care of yourselves."

The day passed with the hustle and bustle of gathering equipment. They all retired at an early hour so that they could rise with the sun in the morning. They left on time the next morning and had an uneventful ride to the campsite. On arriving there, they began to assemble the tent. That night was spent in sound sleeping, for they were quite tired.

The boys awoke at mid-day the next day and had pancakes for lunch. After lunch was over, the dishes were washed, the fire put out, and the boys set out to explore the country-side.

The air was filled with the freshness of spring and as you walked along the dew on the ground made it feel that much fresher. The beautiful songs of the birds were colourful and cheerful. For city folk, things of this sort were quite rare because the smoke and noises of the industrial city blacked out the fresh air and the songs of the birds.

While the boys were walking silence prevailed until Jim suddenly said "Look at the inscription on that rock over there!"

"What rock? And over where?" said Larry.

"It's right over there" said Jim impatiently.

"Oh, I see it," said Larry.

"So do I," said Tom.

"Let's go over and see what it says, and maybe it will help us locate the mine," said Larry.

"As near as I can see it says, 'Look behind and you shall find'," said Tom.

"I wish whoever wrote it would be a little more specific. For instance behind what" said Larry.

"All I can see behind me is you two and that cliff over there" said Tom.

"Hey, that looks like fun let's go over and climb it," Jim said.

"Yes let's, it just might be the answer to the inscription on this rock." said Tom excitedly.

The boys ran excitedly over to the foot of the cliff. The journey upward took about two hours although the cliff was not very high. The boys had problems such as climbing over fallen trees and walking through thick juniper bushes and now and then putting up with falling pebbles which sometimes rained down upon them.

On reaching the summit of the cliff the appearance of the boys had changed greatly, from three clean clothed well washed boys, to three ragged dirty boys who looked as if they thought a bath-tub was a rare thing to come by. By this time it was about six o'clock and the boys did not have enough time to get back to the camp-site before night came upon them. They then decided to camp on the summit for the night.

"Before we do anything in the way of sleeping the night here, how's our food supply we brought along?" inquired Tom.

We have enough food for tonite and tomorrow, so I think we'll end the day with bacon and eggs." replied Larry.

"That's fine. You cook the meal while Tom and I make a lean-to over here by this rock." said Jim.

The lean-to was constructed so that the open end of it faced towards the cliff edge. It was not the best lean-to but it was good enough to serve its purpose properly. When the meal was cooked the boys sat down around the fire and ate their food in silence, for they were all quite hungry. After they ate enough food for the night they put more wood in the fire and lay down for a good night's rest.

The boys awoke to a brisk morning that had a clear sky and a world in bloom around them. Jim was the first of the three boys to awake so he decided to light a fire so that Larry could cook breakfast as soon as he got up. Soon the camp became alive and Larry put the breakfast into the frying pan. It wasn't long until the steaming hot sausages were placed in front of the boys and breakfast was begun. After breakfast was over and the morning chores done with the boys packed up their gear and resumed their search for the mine.

"Let's look over there by that clump of bushes. It seems to be rather closely placed to that sheer rock face." suggested Tom.

"Well blow me down, there's a hole about as tall as I am behind those bushes!" yelled Jim.

"Did anyone bring a flashlight or candle so that we can explore this cave?" inquired Larry.

"Yes, I did" replied Jim, pulling one long candle out of his knapsack.

"Let's go in then." said Tom.

The cave was dark and musty and it had walls that were wet from the drainage of the soil above it. In places you could see shapes of petrified trees that were many times older than these boys.

"Well, we've looked around here for a long time now and haven't found any trace of gold or anything else but rock." said Larry.

"Hey, boys look at this, it's a whole vein of gold right there before our eyes!" said Tom excitedly.

"Let's chip off a few pieces and examine them in the light outside." remarked Jim.

"Boy, it's nice to get out of the cave for a while, at least I can breathe easier now." said Larry.

"I have something awful to tell you boys, this isn't gold, it's pirates or what is known as fool's gold," said Tom sadly.

"I think that mine is more abandoned than lost" said Jim.

"The least we can do is say that we had fun." replied Larry, "And we did, didn't we?"

A Quotation

"Literature is not an abstract science, to which exact definitions can be applied. It is an art, the success of which depends on personal persuasiveness, on the author's skill to give, as on ours to receive."

(Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge University - 1913)

by Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch

1863 - 1944

Submitted by,
Philip Couch,
Room 3.

A CHAPERONE is one who is too old to get into the game, but still tries to intercept the passes.

EDUCATION is what is left over after you have forgotten the facts.

A BLUNT PERSON is one who says what he thinks without thinking.

Sign Language

A sign in a small Wyoming Village read as follows: "Slow----No Hospital."

A L.A. restaurant displays the sign "We are reducing our Ten-Cent Hamburgers from Twenty Cents to Fifteen Cents."

Honourable Mention

THE COST OF FREEDOM

I woke up with a start! Today was the day my brother Ted and I were to go to the corral in the box canyon to choose a few mustangs for our string. Of course we both had riding horses, and good ones too, that we looked on as pals; but it just wasn't the same as taming your own bronco.

You see, Dad had found a big herd of mustangs in which the broom-tails hadn't begun to crop out. In fact, most of the horses were fleet Arabians with nearly pure blood. So Dad decided to have a private mustang hunt. Our hands had to use a relay. Not that any of the men liked it, but it was the only way to catch the horses. Their big bay leader kept the whole manada running for four days. Then only the cream of the herd had any stamina left. Finally, though, the complete band was run into a brush corral and left there with two guards and adequate food.

Since Ted was older than I, and I was a girl, he told me I could have first choice of the horses. (This probably had something to do with one of Dad's father-to-son talks.) Anyway, I could hardly wait to choose the bay.

The dew was cool in the early sunrise, and our horses shuffled through the grass as if to cool their hoofs. Finally we reached the canyon. Sam and Clem, the two guards, were in a shady glade cooking an early breakfast. When they saw us they grinned and waved. But what I saw made me too angry to speak to them. Tied on long strings beside the corral gates were fluttering flags of coloured cloth used to urge the horses into the gates. Now, whenever a breeze stirred the flags, the terrified horses would start milling in a large circle. Some of them were so jaded they were barely able to trot. I burst into a run and tore off the flags, scaring the horses all the more. But when I left they quieted.

Meanwhile Sam and Clem were gradually turning pink and reddened visably when I gave them my worst tongue-lashing. Of course, since they were both green, I could understand the mistake, but they weren't going to let it happen again.

Then Ted joined me at the corral.

"Okay, your choice," he said.

"The bay leader," came the inevitable decision. Ted didn't answer. He had noticed a beautiful gray two-year old. He chuckled.

"The little gray. Who wants the bay now?"

"I do," I snapped, "but since Dad said we could pick two horses, I want the buckskin."

"I'll take the black mare," Ted rejoined.

In the weeks that followed, Dad broke most of the horses, many becoming top cow ponies. Only a few were outlaws, and these and some others were sold.

My little buckskin mare, after some gentling and a rough ride, became my best horse. She could slip into a herd of cows as a hot knife eases into butter. Almost instinctively she knew the cow I wanted and put me in a position to rope it easily.

Ted's gray Silver Star and his black mare Zodiac promised to be excellent horses for ranch work. Only Comet, my bay, worried me. He ate just enough to live. His lustrous eyes saw nothing but the prairies. I thought his spirit had been broken. Always he remained aloof and unfriendly. Just once when I put a saddle blanket on him, did he rebel.

He bucked longer than any horse I had ever seen before. After the blanket slipped off his back, he reared and pawed it. His legs were like iron pistons; they drove so hard and fast. When he had finished the blanket was a useless shredded rag. And Comet would never be tamed. He held no grudge against man, he wanted only his freedom and would fight for it. Comet was eternally wild.

That night I slipped out of bed. The moon hung like a silver lamp in the sky, and the crickets sang harder than ever, as if they knew what was going to happen. I reached the corral and saw Comet in there. My hand slipped to the heavy latch. Suddenly, I remembered my father's words yesterday morning.

"Yes dear, if you can't tame that Comet horse, Joe Malcolm offered to buy him. He feels sure he could sell him to the rodeo circuits. One or the other, it doesn't matter. And we could use the money."

I couldn't do it! Not even for Comet. My feet were ice-cold so I ran back, climbed through my window into bed and lay there shivering. Suddenly everything was wiped from my mind except the thought of Comet being ruined at the rodeos.

Once more I found myself by the gate. I could see the big horse in the shadows. He raised his beautiful head when he saw me, and I thrilled when I once more looked him over. His gracefully arched neck supported a small Arabian head with wideset eyes. His silky mane almost reached his knees. Muscles rippled all over him, and I wondered how he would feel under me. Then with a sigh I swung open the gate.

Comet gazed at me intently. He trotted up to the gate. Suddenly, with a soft whinny, he nuzzled me. I was too stunned to do a thing but watch him as he cantered proudly away.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. There stood Ted, grinning. I felt much better. He understood. But there was a lump in my throat that brought tears to my eyes as I watched Comet return to his beloved prairies.

-Lorna Medd, ...
Room 22.

Special Prize for Outstanding Merit

Before Christmas, The Royal Empire Society invited Canadian school children to participate in the Society's 1958 Essay Competition. Over 1400 children wrote essays in three classes. Kathleen Riddell of Room 26, Grade VII was one of the seventeen successful competitors in her class. This essay, selected by Miss. B. Vandersteen, was the only successful Winnipeg entry in any class. Kathleen is invited to receive her prize at the Empire Day Dinner to be held at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal on the 21 st of May. However, we suppose Kathleen will let them mail the prize to her. Our congratulations to Kathleen! Her essay follows.

FOUR PEOPLE FROM THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

I have chosen four young people to visit me from what I consider the most interesting countries of our Commonwealth.

The first of my four visitors would be a Cockney boy from London, England, born within the sound of the Bow Bells.

Piccadilly Circus is one place I would like him to describe. Another, is the Changing of the Guards at Buckingham Palace. This ceremony is hundreds of years old and still performed as it was then. It is one of the

events that every visitor to London never misses. Through my Cockney friend's eyes I would be able to enjoy this great spectacle. Also of much interest is the Tower of London, dating from 1078 A.D., where the crown jewels are kept. The fact that many people awaited beheading there makes it a sad, but also an interesting place to hear about.

There are so many more places in London to describe that my visit with him would certainly keep him talking for many hours.

It would be quite a chuckle for my visitor to find that we, here in Winnipeg, think of a building of sixty or seventy years old as being about ready to be torn down, while he has lived all his life thinking nothing of seeing buildings hundreds of years old.

I think the biggest difference we would both find would be the newness of our country as compared to the great age of his.

The second person I would enjoy having would be a girl student from India. I would like to hear about the different religions of her country, chief of which is the Hindu religion. I would also explain the different religions of our country.

The Ganges River is very important in the life of the Hindu as they consider it holy. I would like to hear of the great pilgrimages made each year to this river.

It would be most exciting to hear about Mount Everest, which has just recently been conquered by the British.

I am sure she would enjoy seeing our style of clothes although the sari, which is worn by Indian ladies, is very beautiful, often of lovely materials.

I think we could talk together for a long time on so many subjects.

Another country much like our own, and yet with many differences, is Australia. My young visitor from there would certainly find the seasons switched around, which is really strange if you think of Christmas in weather like July. Our Christmas with its snow would be quite a change for her as most Christmas dinners there are picnics held on the beach.

She could tell me about the kangaroo, which is an animal found only in Australia. Also many other creatures, like the six hundred and fifty different kinds of beautiful birds, most of which are flower eating. Australia is the only country which has pouch-bearing animals, with the exception of the opossum of America. Some of their other strange animals I would love to hear more about are the koala-bear, wombat, platypus, grassfeeder, and many others unknown to us. I would enjoy taking her to our City Park so that she might see the buffalo found only in North America.

Australia and Canada are both new countries, so I believe my Australian friend and I would have much in common.

The newest, and therefore one of the most interesting countries of our Commonwealth, is Ghana. The fourth guest, whom I would choose from there, would be a boy. It would be most interesting to hear about this new country which has just recently joined the Commonwealth. It is their desire to show the whole world that people of their race can govern as well as any other democracy. In this way they can take the lead for the self-government by the colored peoples in other countries. Dr. Nkrumah, their Prime Minister, was recently visiting the United States and found many things of interest to him there. Similarly I know my visitor would find much interest and kindness from all of us here in Winnipeg. I am sure with their country such a recent member of the Commonwealth they are eager to learn all they can. We also could learn much from them, especially not to take self-government for granted.

It would be nice if these four people could be here in Canada at the same time, and so get to know one another. It would be even more wonderful if children of all nations could visit each other and become friends, and so being friends decide there should never again be war.

Tribulations of Emigration

Emigration, in our case anyway, was far from an easy matter; its rugged pathway was filled with momentous decisions, deep pits of despondency, as well as pastures of joy. There were many heart rending good-byes to be said, amongst other things.

It was about a year ago when we decided to emigrate, although for years we had cherished the idea. We tried many embassies, including the Australian, New Zealand and South African, but in the end we decided on Canada.

Now we could choose out of a few million square miles of territories. Pamphlets began to pile in. Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, Manitoba and Alberta all advertised their boons, their future and their beauties. Next we decided it was going to be Ontario, Manitoba or British Columbia. Now ensued another visit to the Canadian Embassy and Canada House, to find a bit more about each of the Provinces we had finally selected. After weighing up all the advantages and disadvantages we decided to try Manitoba.

Having made this decision, my father flew out to Winnipeg, to see what it was like, armed with a cine-camera and a list of relatives and acquaintances that various friends and patients had given us. On the plane, Daddy had the good luck to meet a person whose brother he used to know very well. It involved that this man, whose name was Mr. Mansfield, lived in Winnipeg, too, and soon they were firm friends. Daddy spent a week in Winnipeg, filming everything of interest before he flew down to the States. While he was in Winnipeg he arranged a job in the "Princess Elizabeth Hospital". When he returned home, he was full of praise for Winnipeg.

Soon we were booked up to cross in October, the original plan being for Daddy to fly over a week before, so that when we landed he hoped to have bought a house and be firmly settled in the hospital.

During the summer of 1957, four months before we sailed, Mrs. Mansfield and her daughter, Kathleen, came down to stay and to advise us what to bring.

In a weeks time we sadly said good-bye to them, and said we would see them in Winnipeg next October.

After a long struggle we managed to sell the house. Previously we had sold such things as our caravan (trailer) and car. Now came the big day when we sold, by auction, all our furniture and other possessions which we were not bringing out with us. The sale lasted all day but by the evening everything had been sold and taken away.

After the sale was over, the idea was to go down to Cornwall to my grandmother for a week, and then to come back to Carmarthen for the last farewells, after which we would make our way up to Liverpool as a fairly large party. As was to be expected, the plan did not work out at all. Daddy drove my mother, sister and myself down to Cornwall, and then returned alone to Carmarthen next morning.

All went well for a few days, then both Joanna, my sister, and myself went down with the 'Asian' flu, with only eight days until sailing time. Next day Joanna got better and I got considerably worse. That night I did not sleep at all and I was really ill. My mother phoned my father who came dashing down to Cornwall. When he saw me, he phoned the nearest Isolation Hospital. I spent six days in this barracks-like hospital before I was finally discharged, considerably better but still quite weak.

Meanwhile, our plans had changed to the extent that my mother, sister and our housekeeper were to go by boat and my father and I by plane a few days later. But when I came out of the hospital it was decided that I was fit enough to go by boat. Now our plans changed once again, next day we boarded the train going north to Liverpool. We arrived at Liverpool at about ten o'clock. I had slept most of the way, but was still fairly exhausted when we arrived.

As a safety precaution, my parents asked a leading pediatrician to come and verify that I was fit enough to go on board or not. He said that he could not decide then, but he would come back at about eleven o'clock to make the final decision. When he had not returned by two o'clock on the next afternoon, and we had to embark at three thirty, we decided that I was able to make the voyage, so I got dressed and we drove to the ship.

When we arrived at the Customs Shed, there were literally myraids of busy people dashing to and fro. Eventually we cleared customs, and I went down to our cabin and had a good rest on one of the bunks.

At six o'clock all visitors had to disembark, so we sadly said farewell to our friends and relatives. Within an hour we had waved our good-byes and were steaming down the Mersey. We had only gone an hour when the ship anchored to wait for the tide. Our ship, the Empress of Britain, was a large modern vessel belonging to the Canadian Pacific fleet.

I woke up when the ship's motion changed and realized that at last we were properly on our way to Canada. By the next morning land was just vanishing below the horizon. Already the ship's movement was quite irregular as we met the choppy, quite large waves.

The next day the sea got increasingly rougher, and by the following day we were driving into the teeth of a hurricane in mid-Atlantic. Unfortunately by the second day out of Liverpool, though I was fully recovered, my parents went down with the dreaded 'flu'.

After five days instead of the customary three, we arrived in Quebec, and from there steamed up to Montreal, taking seven days instead of the usual five. That evening after we had been to a show, and had the dogs settled in the freight car of our train, at approximately eight o'clock, we were allowed to board the train so we did so. Our train, it turned out, was the C.P.R. "Dominion". On our first full day on the train my sister, Joanna, caught some undiagnosed malady and by the time we reached Winnipeg her temperature was 102 degrees. Once we were off the train we went to the Mansfield's house, where she got better immediately.

At last we were at our goal, Winnipeg, but we were all absolutely exhausted.

Peter Davies,
Room 14.

The Essence of Friendship

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but to power them all out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

Clyde the Model

The day was superb. We decided to take a picture of our dog, Clyde. He was an awfully smart dog, but he loathed baths, and he was going to get one before we took the snapshot. We finally got him into the tub and as soon as we finished scrubbing, he went to the field and rolled luxuriously in the wet mud. After repeating this operation several times, we decided that maybe he did look better after all, when he was dirty and wet.

We had just got him settled in a glamorous position when the cat from next door whizzed by and stuck his tongue out at our poor, offended model dog. The next moment, Clyde zoomed after that obnoxious cat at a great pace. Cats climb trees and dogs do not. Because of this we soon had Clyde back in his beauty position.

Then, unfortunately, a bloodthirsty hornet swooped down and dug his little screwer into a tender part of Clyde. He sent up a terrific holler and crawled away to the doghouse.

Finally, we persuaded him out of his residence and set him up for the great shot. To make up for the way he had acted, he sat up straight and seemed to give Father a very toothy smile. The camera clicked and the picture was taken without any further catastrophe.

That evening, after taking the picture which took one hour and fifty minutes, Father was removing the film. A gasp of dismay was heard, and then an unrepeatable quotation. We had forgotten to put the film in the camers.

Never again did we attempt to take a picture of our dearly beloved dog, Clyde.

Diedre Irons,
Room 26.

The House

Introduction

On the distant star of Harlaih two natives, Fafhrd and Dalhrd, have been hunting the legendary House of Conla. This is what happened when they discovered that the house was alive.

I woke with a start! The "Tower" had hit me as I was trying to escape, but not hard enough to do any harm to me. The "Tower" made two more tremendous bashes at me, but both went yards wide like the blows of a blind madman. Now I was out of range. I lay sprawled on my side, watching a house that hunched and heaved like a beast, and a tower that bent double as it thumped grave-deep pits into the ground. It crushed into a group of boulders and its top broke off, but the jaggedly fractured end continued to beat the boulders in anger, smashing them into fragments. I felt an urge to take out my dagger and stab myself in the heart.

Inside, Fafhrd clung to sanity because he was threatened from a new direction every minute and because he could say to himself, "I know. I know. The house is a beast and the jewels are its mind. I know. I know."

Walls, ceiling, and floor quaked and heaved, but their movements did not seem to be directed especially at him. Occasional crashes almost deafened him. He staggered over rocky swells, dodging stony advances that were half bulges and half blows, but that lacked the speedy directness of the "Towerss" first blows at me.

Only the great diamond seemed aware of Fafhrd. Exhibiting a

fretful intelligence, it kept bounding at him viciously, sometimes leaping as high as his head. He involuntarily made for the door as his only hope. It was champing up and down with convulsive regularity. Watching his chance, he dived at the door just as it was opening, and squeezed through. The diamond followed him, striking at his legs. A body was flung sprawling in his path. He jumped over it, then slid, lurched, stumbled, and fell down stairs in an earthquake, where dry bones danced. Surely the beast must die, the house must crash and crush him flat. The diamond leaped for his skull, missed, hurtled through the air, struck a wall, and burst like an explosive into a great puff of shiny dust.

Immediately the rhythm of the shaking of the house began to increase. Fafhrd raced across the vibrating floor, escaped by inches the embrace of the great doorway, plunged across the clearing --- passed a dozen feet from the spot where the "Tower" was beating boulders into crushed rock--- and then leaped over two pits in the ground. His face was rigid and white. His eyes were vacant. He blundered bull-like into two or three trees, and came to a halt.

The house had ceased most of its random movements, and the whole of it was shaking like a huge dark jelly. Suddenly its forward part heaved up like a monster in death agony. The two smaller domes were jerked ponderously a dozen feet off the ground, as if they were paws. The "Tower" whipped into convulsive motion. The main dome contracted sharply, like a stupendous lung. For a moment it hung there, poised. Then it crashed to the ground in a heap of gigantic stone shards.

The earth shook. The forest resounded. Escaping air whipped branches and leaves. Then all was still. Only from the stone a tarry, black liquid was oozing, and here and there shiny puffs suggested jewel dust.

Fern Kreton,
Room 22.

A small Boy's definition of a conscience -- "Something that makes you tell your mother before your sister does."

Milwaukee Journal

Don't find a fault -- find a remedy.

Henry Ford.

Fourteen year old Henry, who tended my yard last summer, is the world's slowest-moving creature. In desperation one day I asked exclaimed, "Henry, is there anything you can do fast?"

"Yes'm," he drawled, "I get tired fast."

Groucho Marx says that he once had a nurse who was so conceited that when she took his pulse she subtracted ten points for her personality.

HATCHETWOOD

...one of the peasants, came elatedly
 "Madame, the Nazis are coming."
 "What friends have nothing to do with
 the distance could be heard the star
 Jack, a Jew, explained that the
 master could not risk the
 Jews stood in the courtyard of a
 and her husband's life. This was of
 a war going on at this time. It was
 to be of great importance to the
 to the Nazis.

GRADE

...the last words she heard
 her jewels once sparkling with
 until their life light
 love and hope
 her jewels.
 she sank into
 she knew that old Hans was
 and there was the smile
 of human life.

...But there was no joy in the small community of Hartsburg.
 Frieda knew that the storm troopers were not satisfied with a few
 lives; they would soon hear of Frieda's children. There was not
 much time; she had delayed too long. The problem was how to keep
 the children alive. She couldn't stop to heat milk for them during
 a journey.

GRADE EIGHT SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize

BROTHERHOOD

-Pippi Morgan

Frieda Schimdt moved in and out of the courtyard of a sprawling villa in old Germany. This was her castle and her husband, his sisters, and her babies were her jewels. Her whole life revolved around them. There was a war going on at this time. It was of great importance to her husband and was soon to be of greater importance to Frieda.

Suddenly Hans, one of the peasants, came clattering across the courtyard. "Madame, Madame, the Nazis are coming."

"But Hans," replied Frieda, "we have nothing to fear, we are Germans." Far in the distance could be heard the stamp of Jack boots.

Hans' eyes rolled in terror. He explained that his master was partly Jewish eight generations back. He also said he would take the babies to his house and hide them there.

Frieda stood there dazed by the shock. This meant one thing, death. She heard the stamp, stamp, coming nearer, and nearer. She must act fast. She must warn her jewels quickly. Where were they?

It was too late. A stern voice demanded admittance. One of the maids, trembling with terror, admitted a hardened, thin, officer. "Frau Schimdt, I presume," barked the officer. "I believe you have a husband Fritz Schimdt, and sisters-in-laws Fraulein Cristina and Fraulein Anna. Call them immediately!"

Frieda was later to know that this officer was the leader of the cruelest hardboiled division of the German army; The Storm Troopers. They were the pick of the German army.

What could she do? There was nothing. She called Anna, Christina, and Fritz. They were roughly grabbed by soldiers and tied to trees in the courtyard. Before she knew what she was doing she was telling the whole division of the STORM TROOPERS what she thought of them, Hitler, and all the people opposed to the freedom of religion.

"Oh, ho, the lady of the house has a strong voice; we shall see if she has a strong stomach too," smirked the officer, "seize her!" A line of trained men marched with clock-like precision in front of her jewels.

"Ready, aim, fire!" were the last words she heard uttered by the officer. She saw her jewels once sparkling with life fade and fade, dimmer and dimmer until their life light died out. But before their light was completely diminished she saw the love and hope in their eyes for her and the remaining two of her jewels.

With the cruel deed fresh on her mind, she sank into a deep faint. The next thing she knew was that old Hans was reviving her. The villa was in shambles and there was the smell of a slaughter of human life in the air.

The next weeks were sad ones for the whole community. The funeral was on one of those days of mid-summer when you feel the joy of living. But there was no joy in the small community of Hartzburg. Frieda knew that the storm troopers were not satisfied with a few lives; they would soon hear of Frieda's children. There was not much time; she had delayed too long. The problem was how to keep the children alive. She couldn't stop to heat milk for them during a journey.

Ah, when she was a student nurse she had worked with a drug that had the value and nutrition of milk and cheese. A kind doctor seeing her interest in it had given her a few bottles of it. She began to prepare for her journey.

She could take only necessities; the drug, a hypodermic needle, a small first aid kit, two small blankets and a bit of coarse bread. Frieda would have to crawl in ditches, ford streams, and hide in forests. For this reason she donned a rough peasant's garb. Around her neck she hung a small leather purse containing a few coins and a large pearl, the only things of value the Storm Troopers had overlooked in their search for valuables.

Early the next morning she bade all her faithful peasants God-speed and started on her journey to freedom. She knew the near-by country quite well and for the remainder of her overland journey followed the needle of her compass. The babies responded well to the drug and rarely made a sound.

It was a hard gruelling journey. She travelled all day and night without food at times. The babies seemed to get heavier and heavier. But she pressed on and on; every minute mattered. She had not much drug left. In the next small town they told her the border of the Netherlands was just over the next rise. It seemed as if she were climbing an inaccessible mountain. But Frieda doggedly trudged on.

Frieda saw the border posts looming ahead of her in the mist. Huredly she knelt on the rough stubble and gave her babies the last of the drug. They must not make a sound. Suddenly a figure loomed up in front of her. She was weak with fatigue and lack of food; the shock was too much; she fainted.

Frieda woke up with a start. "You can't kill my children, you can't." She found herself gazing into the kindly face of an old peasant who explained she was among friends. "Thank God," she mumbled and fell into a deep sleep. The next morning she woke up to see the peasant woman gently shaking her.

"I have some milk heated," she said, "would you like to feed the babies?" While she did this the peasant explained that her husband had found her. Frieda told who she was and what she was doing. The Germans would soon invade the Netherlands so she was not safe where she was.

"I have a brother who went to a wonderful country across the sea called Canada," said the peasant, "He says you may attend any church you wish and elect your own government! He also said that in Canada all men are equal and no religion is abused."

"That is just the type of country I want my children to grow up in," said Frieda with stars in her eyes. Then coming back to reality she said "How can I get to this country?"

"Well, there is an emigrant ship leaving today, but it is very expensive."

"Will this cover it?" asked Frieda taking out the pearl.

"More than that," she replied and blinked in astonishment. "My husband will take you and your children down to the dock. Frieda and her children were bundled into a cart and were soon at the dock. She paid the captain and turned to the peasant.

"After this war is over," she said, "there will be many lists of brave fighters. But many like you and your wife are greater fighters. You fight for a greater cause; for the love of God and man. This is more important than victories in war. God made all men equal. It does not matter if you are Jewish, Catholic or Protestant, we are all human and have the right to live and to worship in our own way.

With that Frieda passed into the boat to the "Land of Opportunity". The ignorant peasant stood astonished by the wise words of the woman in the rough peasant garb.

2nd Prize

The Light of Hope

Jeremy Andison,
Room 20.

It was a cold bitter day in the month of January. The Town Hall clock was just striking 10 A.M. in the little town of Dunhamberry, Ontario.

Meanwhile out under a small shelter on the outskirts of the city stood a small gathering of people all huddled together, keeping each other warm, awaiting the arrival of the bus which would take each one of them to wherever his destination might be.

Some minutes later the dim lights of the vehicle could be seen a few miles up the road. The little gathering separated as each member collected his few belongings so as to be ready when the time came. Closer and closer the lights got until finally the shadow of the bus in the blowing snow could be clearly seen.

When the bus came to a standstill the people smartly boarded it and continued to their seats. Already there were a few passengers on the bus who had boarded at the various other villages along the main road.

When all had selected the place where they wished to sit, the driver closed the doors and the long journey began. As the weather was not very suitable for driving they were not able to make very good time but at least they were on their way.

As time passed the weather seemed to get worse. Nothing could be seen above. The wind seemed almost to lift the bus off the ground at times, and the windows were fogging up even with the defrosting system and the windshield wipers working desperately. However, no one looked worried. All looked in their highest spirits, unaware then of the difficulty arising. It was too late to turn back now and almost impossible to go on. And then if they didn't go on they would they would be stranded out in the middle of nowhere. They hadn't passed a moving object for the last fifteen miles and had seen not a light of a farmhouse since they had started several hours ago. Another bus would not go through either way until the following week which would, by that time, be of no use anyway. There they were, thirteen lonely people huddled together in a little bus in the midst of nowhere with darkness closing rapidly in.

Several minutes later they were forced to halt by the threatening storm all about them. They were informed of their position by the anxious driver. After this message some looked worried, others turned pale, while some let their mouths drop open. They all knew what this meant if they were not saved by a miracle.

For the next few minutes the people were silent, no one said a word. Then the next few minutes were filled with chatter and excitement as everyone brought out his or her ideas on how the problem could

be solved knowing all the time, in the back of their minds, that none of them could be even carried out let alone the fact of them working to save their lives. For one man this misfortune would more than likely save him a long time in prison, for he had been on his way to rob a bank in Capitol City, the first stop of the journey. He had planned to meet the rest of the party that evening to preform this unlawful deed. And by the way that evening at approximately 10:30 the other three men were caught during a chase around the city after their car collided with a telephone pole shortly after the robbery. All three were sentencee to prison for no less than ten years.

Another victim of the storm had been on his way to marry a girl he had known for only a few weeks. As he would have later found out he was making a big mistake. He later married a young girl who was travelling on the very bus that we are learning about now. This is a fine example of "everything happens for a reason."

Snuggled up in the corner of the bus was a young lad of about twelve years of age who had said not a word up until now since he left the bus shelter. He had saved up his allowance from the orphanage where he came from to take this little trip to see for himself what the outside world was like, which he had heard people speak of so often. I know what he must have been thinking. However on this bus he met the first person who had really cared for him. This was a person he had never seen before or heard of. She had lost her husband in the war and wanted someone to love very badly and now she had found what she had been looking for. In this one incident two people had been satisfied. A boy had found a mother. A mother had found a son.

There was one man on the bus who kept the spirits of all high. This was a young minister who was on his way to a little church in the country where he was to settle. He told them of similar incidents where by not giving up hope the people had got out of their problems and troubles. He had them pray each hour and kept them amused as best he could although as you might gather this was a very difficult task indeed.

If one certain man had not had a hamper of food with him all would have probably starved in time. As there was not enough to be greedy over, only small portions could be given to each. This way they allowed enough food for a week.

Of course not everyone benefited from the situation.

There happened to be one lady on board who owned a large estate which would be taken over by the government if she had not paid a certain payment on it by a certain date. By now she would never be able to make the payment in time no matter what change took place. This would be a complete loo to her. What could she be thinking?

There was on board a very unusual medium aged fellow who must have been an Englist professor for every time anyone made an English error he gave them a firm look from over his spectacles which hung from a black ribbon around his nexk. I am sure everyone hated him until he produced from his bag a pair of blankets. The age and condition of the blankets were nothing to speak of but at least they added to the warmth of their frozen forms.

By now it was well past midnight and all were snug in a pile covered by the two blankets they possessed. So far the storm had not lifted at all yet. The wind was still whistling about the bus chilling every bone in their body.

Three days had passed, there was no change in the weather and everyone was giving up hope. When the fourth day had ended and all were ready for a rest one of the passengers thought he saw a faint light in the distance. Unsure he had the others take a look. Sure enough, that's what it was, a light. How far away was it? Would they gamble? Yes, they would. But who would take the chance? Two volunteers, the minister and the boy, minutes later were on their way into what they knew nothing about.

Slowly but steadily they trudged through the huge drifts and drifting snow. The blowing ice cut their face and the wind blew up their sleeves and trouser legs freezing their limbs.

Back in the bus the people were giving up hope as they had not seen their two companions for five hours. They were all tired and weary becoming hungrier and hungrier all the time.

Meanwhile the two volunteers had reached the light of hope and were seated in a big arm chair sipping a warm drink of cocoa and sinking their teeth into some delicious turkey sandwiches in the house of a kind farmer and his wife.

Minutes later they were on their way to rescue the others with a closed truck. In an hour they were all sitting in the back of the truck talking about what a miracle it was that they were all alive.

That evening was probably the best evening that they all ever had. Everything was enjoyed, everything appreciated. There was singing, dancing, and fun until midnight when everyone went to sleep in the various places, chairs, the floor, and even the barn.

And here the story comes to a close. It may have come to a close a while back had the people not had faith and hope. Whether they carried this with them through the rest of their lives we do not know. Would you?

Think on These Lines

"There are nine requisites for contented living: health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support your needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them; grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity enough to see some good in your neighbour; love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others; faith enough to make the real things of God; hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future."

Written by Goeth,
The great German poet.

AUTOMATION

The morning begins with the buzz of the clock,
The lights flash on and the doors unlock,
The blinds go up and the curtains part
And believe it or not it's time to start.

By now of course the shower is ready,
The water pours out for five minutes steady,
It's out of the water and into the dryer,
Then it's time to relax with the morning flier.

With a flip of a lever you find yourself dressed,
And you can be sure you're fixed in the best.
From head to foot you can eye not a crease---and---
Because it's the best it will e'en resist grease.

It's down to the kitchen for bacon and eggs
And as you see you've not yet stretched your legs,
From the push of the button your food is conveyed
From the oven to you without anyone's aid.

You hop in your 'Copter; start with a jerk,
And up in the air you're flying to work.
You land on the roof and slide down the chute,
Impossible ever to take the wrong route.

Confronting you there stands a giant machine,
Bristling with buttons and lights red and green.
You push in one and turn on the other,
With a whirr then a roar and it's started--OH BROTHER

From ten until five the man's in his chair,
And all of this time he has had not a care.
The fish go in one end and come out the other,
Caught, cooked, and canned, without moving a lever.

Strictly at five when the whistle is blown,
The main levers, buttons, and switches are thrown.
And heard all about is the shuffle of feet,
An everyine heads for the roof or the street.

Dinner is served at the Push of a button.
You choose what you want - sardines or mutton
And now that you've finished, and ended your day,
You and your thoughts can be carried away.

Now the day's over and it's time for a rest,
So down with the blankets and into your nest.
Tomorrow again you must wake at the dawn,
And follow routine 'til one more day is gone.

Jeremy Andison,
Room 20.

Austria

Austria is a little country in the heart of Europe, where I was born and lived a decade of my life. It is a beautiful country, adorned by rolling hills, beautiful valleys, and steep mountains which lie beyond.

This country, like Switzerland, is a paradise of the mountaineer. Deer and forests are abundant. A man may want to taste the pleasure of being out in nature for the Sunday. A half-hour hike may bring one atop a hill, into the cool meadows or into the beautiful forest. Here one may relax from the nagging worries of the week.

The people who live in this beautiful land are peasants, farmers who make their living from small farms on the hills or in the valleys. These friendly, jovial people are the folk whom Peter Rossegger writes about in his books.

In this country, as in every other country, there are large, bustling cities. When one thinks of Austria, one instantly thinks of Vienna, the beautiful metropolis on the Danube. Vienna--- one thinks of the beautiful waltzes of Johann Strauss, meditates upon Beethoven's incomparable works of music, dwells upon Mozart's and Schubert's works. Vienna is renowned for its music and the gay, happy mood of the inhabitants. On the weekend, one throws away the worries of the week and lets himself go.

The other large cities, Graz, Linz, Salzburg, Innsbruck, etc. are comparable to the capital in mood. Everyone of these has its own works of art, whether they be in sculpture, music, painting, etc.

This beautiful country, and my second home, Canada, which is not any less beautiful, is very dear to me.

Horst D. Paqher,
Room 20.

College: An institution which sometimes lowers entrance requirements with an end in view - not to mention promising tackles and backs.

- The Re-Saw, quoted by
General Features Corp.

Traffic Light: A trick to get pedestrians half way across the street safely.

- Walter Winchell, quoted in Coronet

Committee: A group of the unfit, appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary.

- Victor Riesel, Post-Hall Syndicate

RIVER HEIGHTS JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

October 6, 2000

41 years have passed since I graduated from "River Heights Junior High School." Being in the city, I proposed to revisit my old school where I had spent such an enjoyable part of my life. I expected everything to be the same as far as things go except of course for the teachers who I think have long ago given their important positions to one younger for him or her to carry on.

From the outside all looked the same as I had imagined, as a matter of fact it hadn't changed a bit. The fence was the same, the cement path, the bicycle stands, and the front yard where the old oak still stood surrounded by the lovely patch of green where I and the other boys used to romp and play before classes.

As time was getting on I proceeded towards the front entrance. I briskly ascended the front steps of the north door and much to my surprise both doors swung open while I made my entrance. Immediately after entering they gently swung back into place without the slightest hesitation. Then as I scanned the hall, glancing from left to right I received the greatest shock of my life. What a change. On my right was a large door which looked like an elevator. As I moved closer to investigate, the elevator door slid open, the floor beneath me moved forward, and I stood inside the elevator. The door closed and I began the swift and smooth flight up to the next floor. The door now slid open and I was removed from the elevator by a moving section of floor going in the reverse direction as that before.

The hall was lit by large square lights checkerboarded on the ceiling. Where were the lockers? The answer to this question was found in one of the classrooms. At the rear of the classroom was a large door which read, "Automatic Cleaning and Storage Bin." Well, what next? When one reported for school in the morning you placed your coat in the bin where it would be not only safe but cleaned also. Beside this was a drinking fountain. When your mouth got in a certain distance of the fountain the water automatically streamed out.

The investigation of the desks startled me completely. Each desk was equipped with a swivel chair which could be raised to different heights at the push of a button on the arm of the chair. On the right hand corner of each desk was a pencil sharpener and you could bet your bottom dollar this was automatic too. You placed the pencil in the sharpener, adjusted the dial to sharp, medium, or dull and in seconds the pencil was sharpened to your liking. At the front of the room is an automatic heating and cooling system. When the temperature is 50 it is automatically adjusted to 68. When the temperature is 80 it is automatically lowered to 68. Thus, the temperature of the room is always comfortable. The teacher's desk on a platform at the head of the room is equipped with a radio, an electric clock, an electric coffee percolator, a telephone, and an intercommunication system besides other things as previously mentioned on the pupils' desks. At the front of the room are two television sets which are used at various times during the week for the different educational programs. A tape recorder is also allotted to each individual class. All these automatic appliances allow the school to have shorter hours. School begins at 10:30 in the morning and ends at 3:00 each afternoon five days a week.

Rooms such as the sewing room, gymnasium, library, science room, and the office had changed also.

The sewing room contained all the latest machines for dress-making. All they required was a keen eye to watch over them as they did everything from sewing a simple hem to sewing on buttons.

The gymnasium was no longer a place for work but a place for rest. No longer did you see any hard training or honest sweat. Instead the room was filled with some forty odd chairs which gave you a thirty minute massage while you read a book or magazine.

The science room looked like the United States construction room for atomic weapons. At the same time that I was there the class was preparing to launch a small rocket into the sky. The shelves were covered with bottles containing every chemical one could think of.

The office was a place of absolutely no labour....if you wanted something printed for example you simply slipped it into a slot, dialed to the number of copies you wanted done, proceeded to the other end of the machine and in less than a minute the work was done without error.

Then of course there was the library. Much to my surprise who was sitting in a big easy chair shouting orders but Miss Miller (STRICTLY science fiction). There was now an automatic filing cabinet belonging to the library. No longer were the girls needed to handle the cards. This machine did it all for them automatically. Along the cased-in bookshelves was a conveyor belt which left the books in their correct places not once making a slip of any sort. Now even the stamping of the books was done automatically. You just placed your book in a slot and it came out the other end all stamped and checked.

Besides the things that I have mentioned there are many other things to see and hear in "River Heights Junior High School" in this day and age.

I shall cherish this wonderful experience for the rest of my days.

Jeremy Andison
Room 20

"How to get and Keep Better Teachers" was the problem under discussion by a group at the Texas State Conference on Education. When one delegate quietly remarked that there wasn't a shortage of teachers in his town -- in fact they had a waiting list -- the others began bombarding him with questions.

"Do you offer higher salaries?"

"No, the state minimum."

"Do you offer lots of special privileges?"

"No."

Similar questions were equally rewarding.

Finally the delegate ended their suspense. "It could be," he drawled, "because our little town has seventeen bachelor millionaires."

T H E P O E T ' S C O R N E R (All Grades)

A Wish

I wish I lived beside a lake
And every afternoon I'd take
My shining pair of water skis
To skim across the lake with ease.

Or ask my friends to come and stay
And swim with me for half the day,
To search the sandy shore for shells
Or find the place where the mallard
dwells.

And in our little cottage white
We could read by candle light,
Or if came ever rain or snow
The fireplace it still would glow.

Oh yes I'd love it living there
Beside the lake called lake St.
Clair.

Sandra Sparling,
Room 26.

The Wind

The wind is blowing down the hills,
And skipping through the trees;
I sit beneath the willow boughs
And feel the whispering breeze.

I love the way the whispering wind
Comes stealing through my hair;
It gives a feeling soft and light,
Like the tough of an angel fair.

Then as the draws near its end
The blowing winds do cease;
The meadows sleep in silence sweet,
And the woods are left in peace.

Wendy Matthews,
Room 21.

It isn't the people who tell
all they know that cause most of the
trouble in this world, it's the ones
who tell more.

Glendale, Calif.,
News Press

The Happy Man

The sun is setting and all is still,
A man is wandering at his will.
An old fellow is he, experienced
and wise,
Peace and happiness glow in his
eyes.
He finds pleasure in the simple
things;
A flower that blooms, or a bird that
sings.
This world, a better place would be,
If all other men were such as he.

Hart Katz
Room 26.

My Timmy

I love to watch my Timmy play,
When skies are sunny or skies are
gray.

The way he jumps and leaps so high,
To try to catch a butterfly.

He crouches in the tall green grass,
Then jumps out when the children
pass.

He arches his back when they stroke
his fur,
And sounds like a motor when he
starts to purr.

He's mischievous, cunning, and smart
as can be,
But best of all he belongs to me.

Dianne Keith,
Room 26.

The professor was amazed to
learn, through various remarks, that
Mary, one of his prettiest students,
was disliked by the other co-eds.

"Why is Mary so unpopular?" he
asked one of the girls.

"Oh, didn't you know? She won
last year's popularity contest!"

T H E P O E T ' S C O R N E R (cont'd)

The Challenge of the Key

There is a worn and rusty key
Which points the way and beckons
thee
To pursue life, not like all the rest
But with It held fast to thy
breast.

If danger threatens, dost thou run?
Look to this key, and thou shalt
learn
What the love of a friend shines
like a sun,
When all around looks dark; It
burns.

It lights the way for thee to go,
Onward, making friend of foe,
Onward, where only It dost know.

To thee the key is given this day
For use in bettering the cause,
I pray,
Of brotherhood between all creed
of men
Molding together, thus, then
The Challenge of the Key.

Barbara Trumbley,
Room 1.

The Wall Street Journal

The only thing that we can re-
member about the speed of light is
the fact that it gets here too
early in the morning.

Christopher Morley

There are three ingredients in
the good life: learning, earning, and
yearning.

Glendale, Calif., News Press

Anger is an acid that can do
more harm to the vessel in which it
is stored than to anything on which
it is poured.

A Grade Nine Farewell

The time seems short
Though three years have passed
Since, as lowly Grade Sevens we
came.
Through music and sports
As well as reports
To make River Heights proud was
our aim.

The halls are crowded
The students are noisy
When we move from class to class;
In spite of their trials
The teachers are patient
And earnestly hope we will pass.

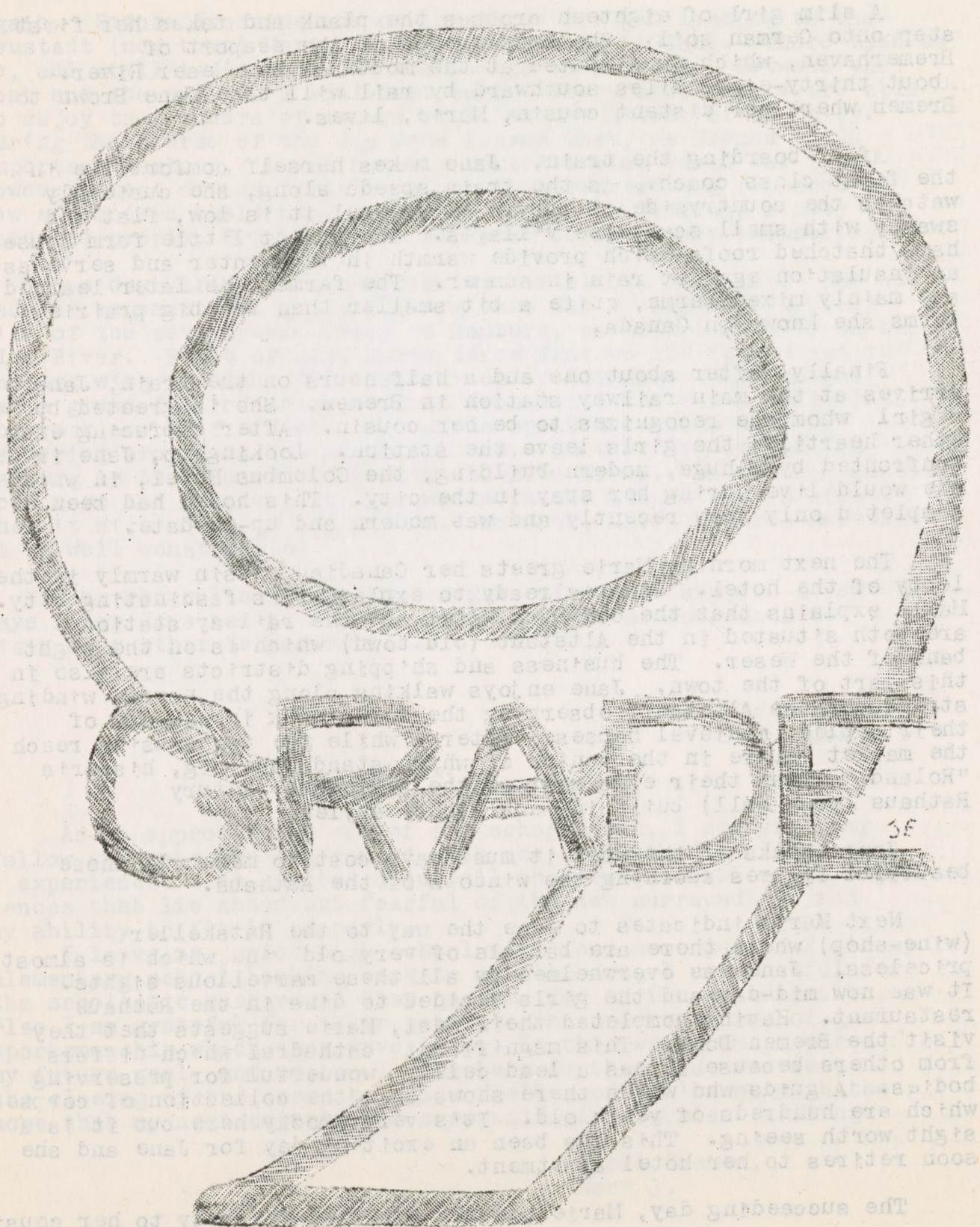
The tunics are short,
The tails are too long,
The waists have quite disappeared;
With yardsticks and scissors
And threats of Detention
For reform, our Miss Ryan was
geared.

I hate to mention
The hour of detention
Where teachers in turn will
preside.
Some hurry home
While others may roam
But the "lates" gather sadly
inside.

Exams are approaching
The time is so short
'Til reports for our parents to
see.
The English is poor
The French is some better
But the Latin is all Greek to me,

And so we do thank them
Those teachers we've had
Since we first entered this
Junior High
Their virtues are many
We'll never forget them
When in June we do bid them
Good-bye.

Margaret Marlin,
Room 3.



VISITING

A slim girl of eighteen crosses the plank and takes her first step onto German soil. She has arrived at the seaport of Bremerhaven, which is situated at the mouth of the Weser River. About thirty-eight miles southward by rail will take Jane Brown to Bremen where her distant cousin, Marie, lives.

After boarding the train, Jane makes herself comfortable in the first class coach. As the train speeds along, she curiously watches the countryside slip by. In general it is low, flat and swampy with small scattered villages. The quaint little farm houses have thatched roofs which provide warmth in the winter and serve as an insulation against rain in summer. The farms, she later learned, are mainly mixed farms, quite a bit smaller than the big prairie farms she knows in Canada.

Finally, after about one and a half hours on the train, Jane arrives at the main railway station in Bremen. She is greeted by a girl whom she recognizes to be her cousin. After embracing each other heartily, the girls leave the station. Looking up, Jane is confronted by a huge, modern building, the Columbus Hotel, in which she would live during her stay in the city. This hotel had been completed only very recently and was modern and up-to-date.

The next morning Marie greets her Canadian cousin warmly in the lobby of the hotel. Jane is ready to explore this fascinating city. Marie explains that the Columbus Hotel and the railway station are both situated in the Altstadt (old town) which is on the right bank of the Weser. The business and shipping districts are also in this part of the town. Jane enjoys walking along the narrow winding streets of the Altstadt, observing the folks walk in and out of their gabled, mediæval houses. After a while the two cousins reach the market square in the centre of which stands the big, historic "Roland." Then their eyes rest on the fifteenth century Rathaus (town hall) built in Renaissance style.

Jane thinks of the work it must have cost to make all those beautiful figures adorning the windows of the Rathaus.

Next Marie indicates to Jane the way to the Ratskeller (wine-shop) where there are barrels of very old wine which is almost priceless. Jane was overwhelmed by all these marvellous sights. It was now mid-day and the girls decided to dine in the Rathaus restaurant. Having completed their meal, Marie suggests that they visit the Bremen Dome. This magnificent cathedral which differs from others because it has a lead cellar, wonderful for preserving bodies. A guide who works there shows them the collection of corpses which are hundreds of years old. It's very spooky here but it is a sight worth seeing. This has been an exciting day for Jane and she soon retires to her hotel apartment.

The succeeding day, Marie proudly exhibits the city to her cousin

again. Before crossing one of the three bridges leading to the Neustadt (new town) Marie explains something to Jane. There used to be, and still is, a big wall around the inner city. Between the moat and the wall is a well-kept park. Therefore, people are able to enjoy the wonders of nature right in the middle of the city. During the course of the day Jane learns that, as Bremen is an important harbour, it was heavily bombed during World War II. However, most of the ruins have now been removed and replaced by new and modern buildings. With her three hundred and ninety thousand people, Bremen can be expected to have many industries.

One day Marie has a surprise up her sleeve for Jane. She had made arrangements to go to Hamburg that day. Jane enjoys every mile of the seventy-one miles to Hamburg, an important city on the Elbe River. First of all, Marie takes Jane to the famous zoo in Hamburg with its many different kinds of animals. Each animal has a great deal of space to roam around and the caves built into the rock are half hidden. The girls spend the whole morning wandering around in the beautiful zoo. Another big attraction in Hamburg is the tunnel underneath the Elbe River. This accommodates both cars and people. As Jane walks in the tunnel she is afraid that it will collapse any minute. However, Marie assures her that it is well constructed.

They return to Bremen that night, tired but happy. A few days later Jane has to say farewell to Marie as she wants to visit many other German cities.

Sieglinde Stieda
Room 3

Another Closing Door

As we approach the end of our school term, I wonder if my fellow students are confronted with the same mixed feelings that I experience: I am excited about all the new activities and experiences that lie ahead but fearful of the new surroundings and my ability to fit in properly.

I leave my junior high school with fond memories as I did my elementary school. Looking back to my teachers, I am grateful for the scholastic background they gave me for my future education. Also I am grateful for their patience and understanding of good sportsmanship which they gave to me. In this way I am prepared for my future goal, and so, as I look back on the fond memories, the closing of the doors brings a feeling of stillness with the hope that my next captain and crew will give me clear sailing.

Ricki Posner,
Room 3.

ESCAPE

It was one of those nights when the fog was so thick a man could barely see the feet he walked upon.

On the outskirts of town there could be heard the voices and dogs of constables chasing an escaped convict. The man, taking advantage of the shroud of mist and darkness, had slipped away from a group being transported to a prison in the country where they were to go to the gallows.

He stumbled and ran through the fields, making a pitiful effort to carry the ball and chain which tugged at his ankle. The cold, moist air chilled him to the bone, but there was no slowing down or seeking shelter. The pursuing sounds seemed to grow louder and louder until he fancied he could see the torches waving in the gloom.

Suddenly, he came to the steep embankment of the river. Following this waterway he came to a long since abandoned bridge. With rising hopes the escapee climbed the rough barrier placed to deter people from attempting a crossing. Employing all possible speed, while dragging the heavy weight, which by this time had bitten through the flesh and caused agonizing pain to seize his left leg, the fugitive staggered on, across the bridge. Stopping short, midway across the construction, he realized that the sounds of those following were fading in another direction.

He threw his head back and laughed aloud, then, still looking at the bank where he had left his pursuers, he advanced a few steps and fell through a gaping hole in the center of the bridge and plunged headlong into the inky darkness and the watery grave which awaited him.

David McCrea Room 5

THE BIG DAY

Tomorrow I take my driver's test so you must excuse me if I appear to be preoccupied. My mind is concentrating on left turns, right turns, stop signs, school signs, railway signs, and parking. Although I have been taking driving lessons from a reliable driving school, and also practising with our car for more than three months, I realize what a big responsibility it is to handle a car properly on my own--especially as I am just sixteen. To me, driving a car means not just pushing a few buttons, pressing down on the accelerator to see how fast I can go, or how smart I can get because I am behind the wheel. It means that I must be doubly careful, as I have not only my own life to protect, but that of everyone else, whether they are walking or riding. So, if I am fortunate enough to pass my test and receive my driver's licence, I will do my very best to obey all the rules of driving. I shall be proud that even though I am only a teenager, if the examiner considers me capable of handling a car with care and caution.

Janice Driver Room 3

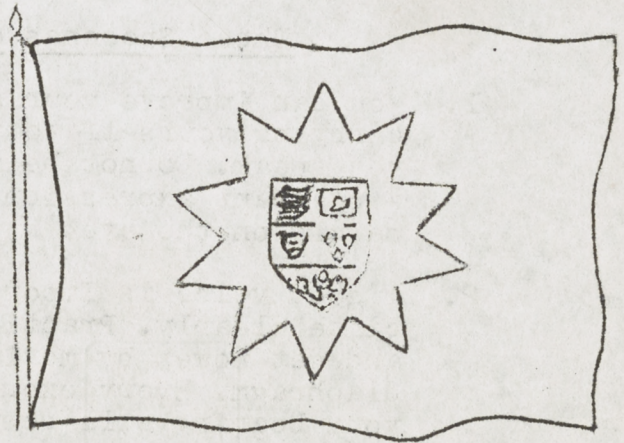
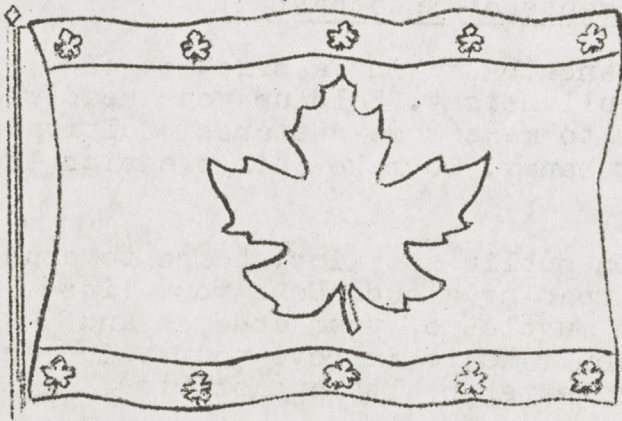
"Among life's dying embers, these are my regrets. When I'm right no one remembers, when I'm wrong no one forgets. ("Washington Memo")

Canada's New Flag

For many years there has been discussion as to whether Canada should have a flag of her own. Many people have expressed their desire to have one but the belief that the same flag could never please both the French and English has been the main obstacle. Also, the design would be different. If the fleur-de-lis, the maple leaf or a reproduction of the Union Jack were omitted there would be bitter dispute, and so on through the English rose, the Scotch thistle and the Canadian beaver.

Recently, however, a Canadian flag contest was held and the results of the 10,000 entries proved to be very interesting. In the first place, the large number of entries showed that Canadians are interested in a new flag. Another amazing fact was, that out of all the entries, only a small per cent used the fleur-de-lis or the Union Jack, and there were not all from Quebec. The Maple Leaf was found to be the most popular emblem netting about 60% of the total entries.

The winning flag in the over-16 age group consisted of a green maple leaf on a white centre, with a border of red on top and bottom on which were ten small white maple leaves representing the provinces. In the under-16 group, a design with a ten point white star centered on a plain red background with Canada's coat-of-arms in the middle of this star emerged as winner. An interesting fact to note was that the younger generation concentrated on the maple leaf and beaver, completely ignoring the emblems that have long been associated with Canada's history. The total evidence reveals, however, that Canadians favor a red, white and blue flag with maple leaves.



Missing too from the majority of entries was the Red Ensign, which has been on Canada's unofficial flag since 1945, but which most Canadians feel is not distinctive enough. From a distance, this flag looks like many of the flags flown by merchant navies.

Much progress has been made since 1945 when a similar contest was held. Canadians are finally growing away from their prejudices and uniting together to become "All Canadian." When Canada completes this process, the flag will, without doubt have a maple leaf as its central symbol.

Margaret Marlin,
Room 3.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

- "From an article by Prof. C.R. Hopper"

When you take part in a public speaking contest you are making preparation for your life work whatever that may be. As long as you live you will be making speeches, in business and otherwise, although not usually from a platform. You will be using speech to get other people to do, act, and think as you want them to do, act, and think. If you go about speech in the right way you can have good fun learning the game, and like all other games it is best learned when you are young.

A big and difficult problem in public speaking is overcoming or reducing nervousness. You are standing before an audience and there is silence. Everyone is looking at you. Get accustomed to this by getting on your feet as often as you can. Stand up in school to ask and answer questions. In either case pause before you start to speak. If you are really in earnest to get all the practice you can, you will try getting up before practically anybody and making a speech of any kind. You will soon feel more at ease when you get up to speak.

You can also help overcoming nervousness by being well prepared. You are not fully prepared until you have come to believe in the worth and the importance of your subject. When you have really reached a belief in your message or argument you will tend to forget about yourself and think about your subject and your audience. Learning to forget about yourself and think about your work is good training for more than public speaking contests.

Three Speeches or Elements of Speeches:

1. You can improve your appearance by making a practice of carrying yourself to your full height. Hold up your head when you speak. Do not be afraid to make some gestures. Cultivate a pleasant expression. Look happy. To make things easier look people on the eye.
2. A good voice is important in public speaking. Learn to enunciate clearly. Practice by reading aloud. Move your lips and get power by moving the muscles of your abdomen and diaphragm. Every exercise you take to improve your voice and your bearing will result in better health and spirits.
3. If you are really in earnest you will write your speech out many times until you have subject matter, arrangement and phraseology in best possible shape. Get to know a great deal more about the subject, "facts, figures, and illustrations", than you possibly use in the time allotted to you, before starting to write your speech. As you gather, study and select your material, a plan and objective should emerge that will best prove your case.

Humour is safest and best when it comes in comment on or illustration of your argument. A story is good only when it illustrates a point in the argument. An audience usually enjoys a little humour.

In writing a speech it is usually a good plan to get your main idea into forefront and into the conclusion of your speech. Let your audience have no doubt what you are trying to do.

The Wake of the Storm

A summer evening, twilight descending and all should be serene. But it is not so, for within the city tumult and strain pervades the atmosphere, warning of catastrophe in the offing.

The dark clouds in the sombre sky are torn by jagged lightening, casting a wicked glow. Every nook and cranny reverberated the distant peal of thunder. The very birds, who with their spirited song, brighten the world, have disappeared, hoping to find haven.

The streets of Paris are wet damp from the rain of the early morning. The gutters carry filthy streams of water reeking out of the rot from the back-alleys. The old men, who stand on the corner discussing politics are not to be seen. The gossip women have left their back yard fences for the security of their homes. The gaunt beggars that roam on the back-alleys - even they have gone. It seems as though, beyond the cold, massive walls of the tenement dwellings, they have remained to face the storm.

From the distance comes a sound, the commingled noise of human wails and screams. Gradually the din approaches. Closer and closer a low rumble crescendos to a deafening roar and a fork of brilliant lightening pierces the city, illuminating it with its weird light, revealing for that moment a crowd of people armed with sticks, knives, bayonets and farm tools, storming down the street. Frail men with wild rage in their eyes, gaunt women with hysteria cracking their voices - a motley host as ever was. The sea of the human faces sweeps past, on to its destiny.

Yelling and screaming, stumbling and rising, the crowd surges on. The peals of thunder become more intense, the lightning flashes more frequent. Already a few drops of rain have made their way to the ground. But the crowd rushes on, heedless of the rain or lightning or thunder. Their mounting fury is further heightened when the sight of an enormous building looms in front of them. They cannot wait to reach it. They break out in a mad run. As they flow through the gates, the storm breaks. Torrents of rain gush down on the human mass but they, exultant in their joy are unaware of this. They do not feel it. They have liberated a nation. They have stormed the Bastille!

Gail Singer,
Room 4.

Dilemma

The rain was beating down furiously as I rounded the corner and bolted towards home. The storm had broken as I was returning from Scouts and I was completely saturated by the time I reached my haven.

I pushed and banged frantically at the front door. Realizing it was locked, I scampered around the back, slipping clumsily on the wet mud. I stumbled up to the door, only to find... it was locked too! I pressed the buzzer until my finger became numb, but my attempts were all futile, since no one was home but my seven-year-old sister, Sharon, who was asleep. I dashed over to the side of the house that her bedroom was on. I bellowed at the top of my lungs, trying to be heard over the downpour. Success! A light flickered on in her room and a sleepy head poked through the window. "What d'ya want?" she called disgustedly.

"Open the door for me. It's locked!"

"No!" she answered, "Mommy said I shouldn't let anybody in at night time."

"Egghead!" I screamed, "I'm your brother, and it's pouring out".
"Sorry, Mommy said 'not anyone'".

Evidently trying to reason with my dense sister would be all in vain, so I resorted to bribery. "I'll give you a nickel if you let me in".

"Nope!"

"A dime?"

She shook her head again and slammed the window shut, despite my pleas. I was starting over to the garage when I remembered the broken basement window and carefully squeezed myself through it. Boy, the warm house surely felt good! But, my sister; ooh, would I get even with her! I tore up the stairs, devising all sorts of fiendish ways I could punish her.

By this time Sharon was sleeping peacefully again. She looked just like a little cherub. What could I do to her?

David Secter,
Room

Serenity

On a clear summer morning in May, I strolled down to the clearing in the woods. The air was filled with the fragrance of sweet blossoms, and a delightful little breeze drifted lazily about me. In the mist of the clearing rested a small rippling pond. The pond, a deep blue, was fringed with tiny wild flowers. An old rowboat, moored at the rotting dock, rocked gently back and forth over the ripples of blue. All these beauties were reflected in the cool, clear water, and looking upward, I saw a maze of greenish leaves, outlined against the sky. Here and there a fluffy white cloud peered sleepily over the treetops. The silence was unbroken but for the rippling call of the skylark, as it slowly winged its way across the vast expanse of blue.

Mary-Lynn Paterson,
Room

Keeping Them in Stitches

One of my friends in Holland was such an expert knitter that she was always looking for unusual sweater patterns to try. One evening at dinner in a Chinese restaurant, she was intrigued with the Chinese characters on the menu. She took the menu home and set about her knitting. The result was a black sweater with white Chinese characters running from the shoulder to the waist. With her blond hair she looked very attractive in it and she was delighted.

Then one day she met a friend who knew Chinese. He roared with laughter. The Chinese characters, so skillfully knitted, spelled out: "This dish is cheap but delicious."

Mrs. M. A. van Dillen
The Hague, Netherlands

PRIZE YOUR EYES

"Prize your Eyes" as your star possession is this year's "White Cane Week" message to you from the Canadian Council of the Blind and the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Since time began, man has looked upon his eyes as his star possession. These organizations call upon all Canadians to make this a yearly theme, and not one to observe only for White Cane Week.

Here are some helpful hints in helping the blind. Always lead or guide a blind person, and before leaving him make sure he is going in the right direction. Keep sidewalks and passageways free of obstacles over which the sightless may fall. Always close your car door for it may cause injury to the blind pedestrian. Do not persist in racing your motor or honking your horn loudly on streets, for those in the dark are startled by loud noises.

Remember, if the world is not safe for those people with perfect vision, it will be much less so for those in the dark.

Taking care of your eyes is also important and pays the highest dividends in good sight. You should always use hundred watt lamps to light your work area. Keep light focused on the page, not on your eyes. Light the area around your television set, and do not watch television in a darkened room.

If you wear glasses do not keep them in your pocket but, wear them. While working in a machine shop, or with abrasives or chemicals, wear goggles for your protection.

If you are over forty, have regular eye examinations, and if glasses are prescribed, make sure they are properly fitted by a competent optician.

Consult your eye specialist at the earliest possible time if there are warning signs of eye strain, because if neglected it may cause serious damage to the eye and may lead to blindness.

General good health, a well-balanced diet, and plenty of sleep will help you to better your vision.

Remember always to be careful when playing with sharp pointed objects, guns, and bows and arrows, because if not properly used, they may cause damage to the eyes. Also, no one should ever wipe the face on a public towel, or touch the eyes with dirty hands. This can cause many eye diseases.

Parents should not neglect to get treatment for children with crossed eyes or other eye conditions as these can be cured. Neglect of this kind can result in permanent eye damage, or even the loss of sight.

Do you know that this year over two thousand Canadians will lose their sight? Let us not add to this toll through carelessness or neglect.

It is worth repeating - Be wise, take care of your eyes as they are your star possession.

Laurie and Ronnie Rubin,
Room 3.

DISNEYLAND

Disneyland is a little town in itself. It has a main street which leads to a large central park with benches around where you can sit to meet people. As you follow the main street there are gambling houses, hot dog stands and interesting exhibits to be seen. Shortly, however, the main street divides into four different lands. These are Fantasy-Land, Frontier Land, Adventure Land, and Tomorrow Land. The first and most interesting, I think, was Tomorrow Land. The first thing noticeable is a huge rocket advertising the rocket trip to the moon. On this ride you are led into a large circular room which is fairly dark. The chairs begin to vibrate and in a circular glass in the centre of the rocket floor you see the earth travelling farther and farther away. It is really very interesting. Next is the midget autopia which has cars the size of a sports car. These lead you over a road which follows up hills, travels over streams and passes other picturesque sights. Another ride is the circular skyliner which travels in the air across a heavy line. From it you can see all of Disneyland. This skyliner takes you across to Fantasyland.

In Fantasyland all Walt Disney's Fairy tales come to life. A boat trip down a rushing river takes you past Hansel and Gretel at the old witch's cottage, the cottage of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio's, and many others. The castle of Sleeping Beauty tells in picture the story of Sleeping Beauty. Next you go into Frontierland and the boats and rafts travel across to Tom Sawyer's Island, Huckleberry Finn's Island and Mark Twain's Island. In Tom Sawyer's Island there is an Indian village with many trinkets and souvenirs. After exploring caves and forts and seeing the teepees which are on the ground, the raft goes back across to the mainland.

Next and last you visit Adventure Land. The Jungle Cruise is the most interesting ride. A guide takes you on a boat through animal infested waters, guiding the boat through a waterfall and passing elephants, giraffes, hippopotamuses on land and shooting a crocodile. Monkeys hanging from trees added to the excitement. The animals were not real but looked real enough to be frightening.

All too soon it is time to leave. Passing again the Main Street filled with its trains, streetcars and omnibuses carrying people to and from different lands you leave behind an exciting and pleasant town.

Joan Klurfine,
Room 3.

THE LATEST FROM THE LIBRARY

Miss Miller believes that there is a need for more reading among the students. She suggested a cut down on radio, television, and dances. Miss Millar pointed out that reading is valuable because it enriches the educational programme of the students as well as providing relaxation. Reading can be both profitable and enjoyable.

There are many sources where books may be obtained; our school libraries, the public libraries and also mobile units.

These stores now carry less expensive editions of books for the industrious person who wishes to have his own library. Reading for pleasure or for research is interesting and worthwhile.

Brenda Michie,
Room 4.

The sun-baked cowboy swaggered into the saloon and through his parched lips ordered the bartender to give his horse a bucket of his best whiskey.

"And what will you have, stranger?" asked the bartender.

"Nothing," shot back the dusty cowboy. "I'm driving!"

The secret of being tiresome is to tell everything.

Voltaire

I call my kittens "Shall" and "Will" because so few people can tell them apart.

VALEDICTORY

-Diane Bishop

Mr. Ridd, Mr. Hodgkinson, Dr. Brown, Teachers, Parents, Friends, and Fellow Graduates;

It is with great pleasure that I speak to you this afternoon on behalf of the graduating class of River Heights Junior High School. At this time I should like to extend my sincere appreciation to Mr. Ridd and the teaching staff for granting me the honour of delivering the valedictory address.

On this day, the day of our closing exercises, upon our inward eye, vividly flash the years' events, the hard work, the study, the keen competition, the vigorous spirit, and the wholesome fun. These memories of the things we have all enjoyed crowd our hearts and minds. However, graduation is a time not only to reflect upon our past achievements, but likewise to consider the diligent labour of those who made these achievements possible. It is a time for farewells, yes, but it is definitely a time for our long overdue 'Thank-yous'.

Thank-you to the members of the staff of River Heights School, who in these last few years have not only taught us well, but in addition have been excellent advisors. Without their wise counselling, undying enthusiasm, and timely encouragement, we never could have reached the milestone.

Thank-you to our parents, whose immutable love, interest, and patience have continually spurred us onward, and whom we can never completely repay. Their understanding, in times of strife, and their

support in times of trial, have contributed greatly to our success and have taught us more than words can express.

During the interim, from the time of our entrance into River Heights School until today, we have learned a great deal, and have progressed a long way. By working hard and playing hard, we have discovered the value of good sportsmanship, the experience of true friendship, and most important of all, that nothing is ever achieved without effort.

Now, as we arrive at the valedictory, the bidding farewell, we realize that our sojourn as students at River Heights School has come to an end, and that we are filled with mixed emotions of regret and anticipation. Regret, because we must leave this school and its staff to whom we owe so much. Anticipation, because we are on the brink of entering senior high school, which, for some of us, will be the termination of our formal education, and for all of us, a very important period in our lives.

Subsequently, as we venture forth, eventually to take our place in the world as adult citizens, we suffer a pang of despondency, for we must depart from the people and surroundings which have played such a vital role in the foundation and moulding of our character. However, we are somewhat consoled by the knowledge that they will continue to be beside us in spirit, ever prompting us onward to better things and higher attainments.

It is with this in mind that we leave with our parents and teachers today, these sincere and heartfelt promises.

First, a promise that we will carry, with us throughout life, the lessons we were taught at River Heights, and strive to apply, them to our daily lives in the best interests of this nation.

Secondly, that we will constantly bear in mind, work is the key that can open every door. With it, all things are possible; without it, existence is in vain. We will use this idea as a guide, so that we may always give of the utmost and endeavour incessantly to do our very best.

Thirdly, that we will do all in our power to fulfil the expectations that our parents and teachers may hold for us, and in so doing refund with interest all that they have so generously sacrificed on our behalf.

Finally, that with faith in God, and courage to fight for what He has taught us to be just, we will face life squarely for future success.

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Mother, at kitchen sink, to friend: "I want my daughter to finish college so she'll have something to think about while she's doing her housework.

Bill-checking husband to wife: "What a system! We spend money we don't have for things we don't need in order to impress people we don't like!"

THE CARPET SWEEPER

Is George B. destined to be our next year's janitor... or will he make it this year????? Why is it Susan's Dining to go out with Joe?... That's a switch, Susie, usually you lose your appetite!!!!!! Is it that room one's girls interest K.W. of room eleven?.....Could it be Miss Lowe???? Hey Connie, why the far away look in your eyes when someone mentions the fair suburb of Fort Garry?..... A certain brother of a certain cousin's girl friend?? Crazy mixed-up, maybe???? Could it be that boys no longer interest Diana S.?.....NO. What power do the French women hold over the River Heights boys??, eh Sue!!!! What (or who) brought Mike M. to G.K.'s party----????? Why does L. Cosgrow blush every time we mention Stan????... Or who is it now Lynn?? Why the rush to get back to school, N.W. of Room 6??? Did we hear you say you liked the sights? (He's got girls in his eyes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) Overheard in the halls - "I'm a nut!" What brings Sandra E. out so early in the mornings to wait on the corner?----- The Raven's Court bus, maybe? What a question!!!!!! Has Andrea G. found a double for Sal Mineo???? B. Akman, are your eyes finally straying north ward????? Hey R.B., has Chuck S. taken your fear out of '38???? Why is J. Taylor so interested in the R.H. student council----could it be the vice-presidency?? or Philip?? The casual dance is here again--- Don't strain yourself George F.--It's kinda hard on your partner, but then who cares?, eh girls. Was there any special reason for Carol Isaac's room party this winter??? And as for Susan Docker's----Well now... Why the solo in Room 4 for "O Canada" every morning? Do their terrible voices have anything to do with it? Overheard in the halls, "But I don't get anything out of singing it in French..." Why the twinkle in Veldon F.'s eye??? Did you finally get your application to Raven's Court? Would a special "Gardener's" green thumb help keep those red posies in your cheeks and dewdrops in your eyes????!!!!!! How is it that W.P. has such a nice curl in his hair????-----Toni, maybe???? Quoted by G.K., "Gee, I'd like to make someone a goner..", unquote, "O, O, she's fallen in love again!!" What's so special in the school bus for the girls who wait at Thurso???? Anyone know Creek, then what is Chrys short for?---Christopherus or Chrysanisne----!?!?!?!----? Why was Mr. Glover having such a good time at the grade nine dance??? And where did Miss Menzies learn to dance so well? Who knows---but we sure thought she was good. Room 11 boys, where have you been all my life???? arf, arf.... Hot dogs are pretty good, eh, Sheila R., especially in Ron's car. "Man, has she got 'Klass'" Do our identical twins still like the same boy????? I wonder if it always follows! The Grant Bus has attractions other than scenery, eh Susan S.? Oh well, "Once a knight, etc." Why all the interest in the Christies, S.H. and Marilyn A.???? It couldn't all be music, could it?!?!?!?! Anybody for another tobogganing party???? Bonnie seems to like 'em tall, dark, and handsome, but what happened at Sondra's party? Guess N.R. of Room 7 still finds Luxton more attractive than River Heights. S. Corne doesn't find southend boys with cars half as interesting as 6'2" boys down north. Hey, Dick, where's the roving eye straying now????!!!!!! The "Conquerors" made three conquests (we hope) Saturday, March 8, at a certain party..... Do you know if you're involved?...Better get a heart check-up!!!!!! Is it true that R.H. boys are weaklings????? What is S. Melosh's interest in the Campbell residence????---The new dog??? (hardly!!!!) So Sondra finds 19 year olds much different...They're not shy about giving rings, eh?!?!? By the way you of the masculine sex - no curiosity over the recent slumber parties????? Gee you're dumb!!!!!! Is golfing the only thing that Meeka likes at the course, or is blond hair an added attraction?? A word of warning, don't ever ask Pete M. if Arthur Murray taught him to dance, you're liable for an exhibition!!!! Did Myra's plane trip to Toronto prove profitable? Bet she wishes she had her own wings.

Sheila G., are your trips to Kenora just little spurts of homesickness?? Is tennis the only feature at the courts Gail S.???? Bet Sandy G. wishes she lived in Regina!!!! Suzanne seems to go for Mercury Turnpike Cruisers, especially those driven by Gerry..... A compliment for the R.H. boys at last - - - You sure looked neat, sharp, etc., dressed up for the year book picture taking.....why don't you do that oftener???? Wonder if the Grade 8 girls still have "Flames" burning in their hearts. Does Sharon M., Room 4, live for the postman or what he brings???? Hey, Saralie, let's show off the figure a little more!!!!!! Say J.S., any special preference for green? Let's see now---a green winter jacket, lushy green v-neck, a certain doll in green at the Dominoes' St. Patrick's Dance? What about that, Pat???? Steve C., Room 2, looks like the cat that swallowed the canary in the picture of him taken with a bunch of girls by the Room 5 door, wonder why???? Frances G., do you still have a secret pledge towards the "Flames"? Cynthia, was "Bashful", David, really so---"Bashful"???? Now that "he" has taught you how to play tennis, what's he going to teach you this summer, huh B.R.? Anybody for wrestling maybe? Watch where you're going Ray, don't walk into any more "doors" (ahem)!!!! We like those big blue eyes unswollen and unblackened. -----Well, that's all the gossip we dare enter, if anyone knows or finds out who wrote this, just keep it under your little ole bonnet, pul-eeze!!!!!!

BEANS AND BUTTERCUPS

Buttercups to the spectators of the inter-school skating meet, for cheering River Heights to a third place victory.

Buttercups to all those swell kids who contributed their share to the March of Dimes, especially Room eight.

Buttercups to the players and supervisors of all school teams.

Beans to the non supporters of inter-room and school games, especially the basketball now in swing.

What's the matter, afraid you'll be shown up?

Buttercups to the gr. 9 referees and coaches of school teams.

Beans to the tunic's originators, even though the sack is in vogue.

Buttercups to those who pushed the idea of a new school outfit.

What about the boys now?!!

Buttercups to those bold boys who make their appearance in the gym, in their shapely legs, fully evident beneath those stylish stovepipes, in order to challenge (or scare??) their worthy opponents.

Translation: the boys' basketball team.

Beans to those who honored us with their presence at all school dances, only to make the gym look attractive!!!

Buttercups to all dance masters of ceremony, for helping make our dances the successes they were. It's lucky the gr. 9 M.C.'s will still be here to help you out next year!!!!

Buttercups to all members of staff and students who gave up so much of their time to bring about this year book, especially Miss Menzies.

Beans to the kids who feel the interschool and room teams can get along without their help-Wak up and live right-sports right.

Buttercups to the janitors for their helpful assistance at the school dances.

Buttercups to the teachers who know we do enough work in school, therefore needing no homework.

We hope the idea will prove contagious and that many will change their line of thought to run along this course.

Buttercups to Spike Hull for his excellent Monday-night coaching in Basketball and Badminton.

We hear they're going to challenge the Globetrotters.

Buttercups to all teachers who jived at the school dances.

Weren't the corns worth it?

Beans to all non-attenders of the "Spring Swing."

No wonder spring was left far behind.

Beans to those who let these exams drift by. At this rate most of the grade nines will haunt these halls again. Let's not overcrowd!!!

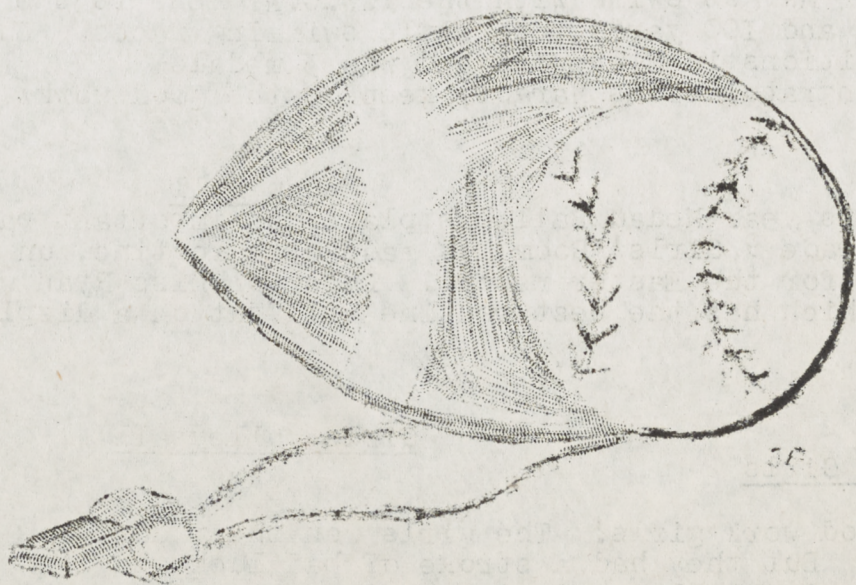
Buttercups to Miss Ryan and Mr. Creamer for their valiant effort in teaching room 2, to "stroll."

CHALK TALK

Miss Lowe isn't too sure if there are any budding Shakespeares in Room 11, but she thinks there are some very good workers. Socially or academically?! Mr. Glover considers himself an expert jiver quite "hep" enough to teach others to jive '58 style. (Arthur Murray has competition.) "You in the back seat, who's finding life so amusing....?" is too often heard from Mr. Glover. Usually the amused person is laughing at one of Mr. Glover's feeble attempts at humour. Miss Menzies favorite expression is, "Ye Gods! Perhaps we'll have to resort to surgery." Mrs. Morgan doesn't like Lonnie Donegan or Elvis. Real 'square'. When asked if he preferred Dianna Dors to Jayne Mansfield, Mr. Bullock replied, "They both have their good points." What are you Room 5 students doing? Mr Bullock says you're not as well behaved as English pupils were. "Everybody should do at least six hours homework every night, but do 't work too hard!" says the keeper of the books, Miss Miller. Don't worry Miss Miller, we do only about six minutes. Mr. Peto likes River Heights, our beloved school; quote, "It's the best school in Winnipeg." (interpret "school" as slang for "jail") Mr Forrest's ambition is to lie on a couch in the sunny tropics, doing nothing but eating chocolates and sipping lemonade. Wouldn't we all! Mr. Bell's ambition was to become a commercial chemist. I wonder why he turned to the difficult pprofession of enlarging our feeble brains. "Going steady in Grade 9? Definitely not." says Miss Pybus. Well R.M. will have to go to detention for disobeying his teacher, but I'm sure he doesn't mind. (Anything for L.K.) Mr. Turner's main ambition is not to become a principal. It isn't such a difficult job is it Mr. Hodgkinson? Is it?! Miss Kinley taught 25 years in Robert H. Smith and then moved over here. By now she must know the population of Greater River Heights. Mr. Creamer says the boys of our school are weaklings. He also has the nerve to claim that his legs are better looking than any of the girls. Miss Ryan has some argument there.

SPORTS

BOYS AND GIRLS



GIRLS' SPORTS

Grade 9 inter-Room Volleyball

Congratulations to Room I in winning the Grade 9 Girls Volleyball League. They defeated Room VI, winners of Division "B", in the finals. All rooms put forth a good showing and made the league a success.

Grade 9 Girls' Inter-Room Speedskating.

Room 1 showed their supremacy in the Grade 9 Inter-Room speedskating by defeating Room IO in the finals.

The members of the Room I team were: Leslie Donald, (Sports Captain), Georgine Kerr, Pat Campbell, Marilyn Isaac, Veldon Ferns and Morag Campbell

Senior Volleyball Team.

The senior volleyball team experienced a dismal season, failing to win a game despite their finesportsman ship.

Members of the team were: Lois Smitten (7) Sports-Capt., Janice Driver, (3), Lauraine Gray (6), Mary Nowell (6), Aldis Wendal(7), Sally Dales (16), Lucille Karlicki (6), Donna Winstone (10), Beverly Korman (11), Pat Sparrow (7), Marcia Waugh (9), Lynn Adamson (10), Doreen Mork (6), and Nancy Todd (4).

Manitoba Free Style Swimming Championship

Good work, Margot Medland of room 4 in your fine swimming achievements. Margot swims with the Y.W.C.A. She is the Manitoba Champion in the 40, 50 and 100 yards free style swimming races. She entered swimming competitions in Minnesota and won 3 medals.

Congratulations Margot, keep up the good work!

Medau Ball

This year Medau Ball has played an important part in our P.T. program. Each Grade 9 Girls' Room has made up a routine, on which they will be tested for the Easter report. Later on Miss Ryan will judge them. The room which has the best routine will put on a display before the Grade 9 Girls.

Girls Volleyball

Junior Girls

Good work girls! The girls won their division and also won the semi-final. But they had a stroke of bad luck and lost the final. River Heights is still proud of them in spite of their loss. The team was made up of the following girls: Team Captain- Judy Taylor, Tiana Gowron, Linda Laing, Frances Greene, Lynn Cosgrove, Marilyn Isaac, Leslie Donald, Marjrie Moulden, Marilyn Abbot, Brenda Michie, Anne Peart, and Marsha Cowie.

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS

The Intermediate girls also did well. They made it as far as the semi-final, which they lost. I think that they also did River Heights credit! Let's give three cheers to:

TEAM CAPTAIN - Pat Campbell, Judy Swan, Linda Benningen, Marilyn Down, Penny Ferguson, Margaret Marlin, Lee Stewart, Judy Dolton, Irene Hofmeister, Marlene White, Lynette Colborne, Veldon Ferns, Georgine Kerr, Margot Medland, Lynn Seaborne

I would like to express my appreciation on behalf of the team members to Miss Ryan, Miss Vandersteen, and Mrs. Kroft. These teachers accompanied the girls to their games and gave them encouragement.

Inter-School Speed Skating

School spirit was promoted by these fabulous skaters who turned out faithfully for the noon-hour practices. They took River Heights on to a 3rd place spot in the city championships on January 23rd, and relay January 31st. at Winnipeg Arena.

Here is the primary girls' team, who put forth a terrific effort: Jane Bremer, Gerry Stein, Betty Patterson, Sidne Hudson

The Junior girls relay won after tremendous battle. Give a cheer for: Alix Perdue, Linda LaMontagne, Barb Fenn, Lesley Donald

Representing River Heights in the intermediate relay team were: Veldon Ferns, Roni Bricker, Pat Campbell, Georgine Kerr

Our valiant senior relayists were: Louise Doran, Penny Hutchison, Barbara Mott, Sally Dales.

The unlimited relay team were spectacular in their winning of second place. Thanks to: Donna Winstone, Sidne Hudson, Leslie Donald, Lynn Cosgrove.

All the individualists racing for this school put on their top speed, so let's congratulate Koreen Bennett on her winning of the unlimited championship and also 1st place in the primary girls' race. Lynn Cosgrove, racing with the junior individualists, won us more points by winning her races. The intermediate skater, Margaret Smith, earned herself and school a third place. Donna Winstone did very well as individual senior skater.

Interview with Miss Ryan

Last summer Miss Ryan took a course in girls' gymnastics in Minnesota. Therefore, the girls have been taking more gymnastic training this year. After Easter, we will be training for the Field Day events in which we hope all will participate.

When the Baseball season opens, there will be inter-room and inter-school leagues. So, come on girls, let's make it a hit and run season!

BOY'S SPORTS

So far the boys' sports have gone well in both inter-room and inter-school competition. The boys have shown good sportsmanship in their games whether they won or lost.

Soccer was first on the sports schedule. The following teams have come out on top at the end of the schedule:

Grade 7 - 14

Grade 8 - 13

Grade 9 - 11

This year our senior soccer team did not do so well, but are to be congratulated for their good sportsmanship and what they did do. A list of the boys on the team is as follows:

Geprge Fenton

Mike Mackenzie

Ross Forrest

Bob Parker

Alex MacDonnell

Bob Grose

Eric Schieman

George Buddick

Ray Bystrom

Randy Moffat

Richard Nemes

Biel Ormond

Fred Warkentin

Jack Newton

Next on the schedule was speedskating. The inter-room speedskating was run off successfully at the River Heights Community Club. The teams are to be congratulated for their showing. The inter-room teams have rated as follows:

Grade 7 - 1st - Room 24

2nd - Room 26

3rd - Room 23

Grade 8 - 1st - Room 17

2nd - Room 16

3rd - Room 20

Grade 9 1st - Room 17

2nd - Room 7

3rd - Room 11

We wish to thank Miss Ryan, Mr. Creamer, and Mr. Bulloch for helping in the inter-room skating meet.

The River Heights School speedstating teams did pretty well and are in line for credits. McClarty and Krolick placed third and fourth respectively in the primary race. Bert Bruser placed second in the primary individual event while John Lewis placed second in the senior event. (individual) Dyker and Anderson gained the first and second place in the junior ranks with Brian Holl gliding in first in the Junior Individual Contest.

Some of the boys who represented River Heights at the speedskating in the arena were: McClarity, Krolick, Bert Bruser, Dyker, Anderson, Holl, Plews, McClements, Johnson, Pappas, Eisler, McIntyre, McKenzie, Hardy, Warkemtin, John Lewis, and others.

Our thanks to those teachers who organized our school teams.

Finally -- Basketball. The senior basketball team has done very well this year, losing only one game all season. It is greatly to their credit that they are now holders of the City Championship besting Hugh John MacDonald in the final contest. We wish to thank Mr. Smith for the fine coaching job he did for this team. The team is pictured elsewhere in this issue.

Grade Seven Inter-room Speedskating

On Friday, Jan. 24th in the afternoon the grade seven boys took part in the second annual speedskating meet. Although it was quite a cold day an excited and anxious crowd turned out to watch the skaters.

In the first heat Room 24 came in first with Room 14 close on their heels for second place. In the second heat Room 26 came in first with Room 23 right behind them.

In the third and deciding heat Room 24 came out as the Grade Seven champions with Room 26 coming in second.

Despite the fact that only one room could be the winner all the rooms showed great skating.

Stan Schwartz,
Room 27.

An Interview With Mr. Creamer

He was born in Plymouth, England where he lived until he was five. He then moved to Liverpool where he lived until last summer. Mr. Creamer is married and has three children. His wife came over to Canada in May.

His favourite sport is mountain climbing which he did in England. He worked on an Airforce rescue crew, and he also worked as a physical training officer in the airforce.

Mr. Creamer's attitude toward modern teenagers is that they are no more delinquent than when he was a boy, but they get more publicity than they deserve.

Mr. Creamer said that English students have more Physical Training periods and therefore have more P. T. ability than Canadian students. In English schools the students behave better. I quote Mr. Creamer by saying that there is a lack of school spirit in Canadian schools.

The chief sport of England is soccer. Rugby is growing in popularity as is basketball.

Mr. Creamer hopes to have boxing and wrestling after 4 o'clock for grades seven and eight but this is not definite.

In preparation for our annual field day to be held at Sargent Park on June 6th, we have been holding eliminations this past week in order to have the best athletes compete. The whole school will attend this event and we are hoping that it will be a beautiful day. June 12th will be "Awards Day" when prizes and presentations will be made. Winning class teams in volleyball, soccer, basketball, and baseball will receive pennants. Teams representing our school will be presented with school crests. Presentations will be made to winners of the short story contest and Merit Certificates will be issued to Grade 7 and eight students. At our Closing Exercises on June 13th, the winners of the best boy and the best girl athlete in Grade 9 will each be presented with a cup. Merit Certificates will be issued to the students who have earned such honours. As we go to press we reflect with pleasure on a most successful year in the athletic department.

David Stevens,
Room 3.

SCHOOL SPORTS TEAMS

(1) Intermediate Soccer

City Champions

Back Row - David Noseworthy, Neil Dawson, Joe Diner, Winston Smith, John Haig, Garth Gisel, Grant Gisel, Murray Kirk, Roger Borse, Walter Hollenburg.

Front Row - Ken Plews, Chrys Pappas, Mr. S. Bullock, Bruce MacAulay, Bob Akman.

(4) Senior Basketball

City Champions

Back Row - Peter Hart, Fred Warkentine, John Lewis, Dale Downy, Winston Smith, Roger Borse, Sam Corman.

Front Row - John Haig, Mike MacKenzie, George Fenton, Arnold Papski.

(2) Senior Soccer

Back Row - Alex MacDonell, Randy Moffatt, Fred Warkentine, Robert Parker, Richard Nemes, Sam Corman.

Second Row - Mike MacKenzie, George Buddick, Ray Bystrom, Bill Robertson, Mr. Thomas Bell.

Front Row - Dick McBean, George Fenton, Ross Forrest, Eric Schieman.

(5) Junior Basketball

Top Row - Terry Wright, Howard Elliott, Jim Jackson, Graham Simpson, Bud Gardner, Rod Hunter, Jim Wood, Tim Walker, Gerry Marks.

Bottom Row - Bruce MacAulay, Mr. R. MacKenzie, Sheldon Smith.

(3) Junior Soccer

Top Row - Brian O'Donell, Dale Newsham, Clive Parks, Ted Jackson, Buddy Gardner, Brian Holl, David Averbach, Howard Elliott, Peter Grout and Doug Bracken.

Front Row - David Matas, Bob Segal, Mr. E. Gillies, Jim Wood, and Ted Kennedy.

(6) Primary Soccer

Top Row - Bill Jaeger, Gordon Argue, Bob Davis, Lawrence French, Earl Shibou, Tim Walker, Larry McLarity, Gerry Marks, Don Darrach, Brian Watt, Murray Lazur.

Bottom Row - Bud Kolodie, Terry Wright, Ian Kirkpatrick, Mr. Lint, Bert Brusser, Bill Hodgins, Ian Sutherland.





(7) SENIOR VOLLEY-BALL

Back Row - Doreen Mork, Mary Nowell, Lucille Karlicki, Lois Smitten, **Beverley** Korman, Pat Sparrow, Lynn Adamson.
Front Row - Aldis Wengel, Sally Dales, Nancy Todd, Miss Speers, Donna Winstone, Laurine Gray, Janice Driver.

(8) JUNIOR VOLLEY-BALL

Top Row - Leslie Donald, Jackie McLean, Lynne Cosgrove, Marjorie Peart, Jane Rutledge.
Second Row - Frances Green, Brenda Michie, Judy Taylor, Marjorie Moulden, Marilyn Isaac.
Bottom Row - Ann Peart, Marilyn Abbott, Mrs. H. Kroft, Tiana Gowron, Linda Laing.

(9) BOYS INTER-SCHOOL
SKATING TEAM

Back Row - Erwin Isaac, Ken Plews, Buddy Gardner, Peter McIntyre, Mike MacKenzie, John Lewis, Harold Hardy, Fred Warkentine, Chryst Pappas, Jim Clements, Harold Eisler, John Johnson.
Front Row - Floyd Anderson, Bert Bruser, Larry McLarty, Brian Holl, Howard Elliott, Ralph Krolik, Don Darrach.

(10) INTERMEDIATE VOLLEY-BALL

Back Row - Marilyn Down, Judy Swan, Georgine Kerr, Linda Benningen, Margaret Medland, Veldon Ferns, Irene Hofmeister, Lynette Colborne, Lynn Seaborn.
Front Row - Lee Stewart, Pat Campbell, Margaret Marlin, Miss M. Ryan, Penny Ferguson, Judy Dolton, Marlene White.

(11) PRIMARY VOLLEY-BALL

City Champions
Back Row - Mary Lynn Patterson, Barbara Boivin, Lindsay Scott, Koreen Bennett.
Second Row - Carol Isaac, Sandra Eggertson, Nancy Matthews, Margaret Brownie, Ann Mason, Barbara Dixon.
Front Row - Maureen Pierce, Donna Page, Miss M. Ryan, Ronnie Brown, Gerry Stein.

(12) GIRLS INTERSCHOOL SKATING
TEAM

Top Row - Sally Dales, Louise Doran, Linda Lamontagne.
Middle Row - Barbara Mott, Veldon Ferns, Margie Smith, Georgine Kerr, Leslie Donald, Pat Campbell, Ronnie Bricker, Lynn Cosgrove, Penny Hutchison, Barbara Fenn, Joan Dempsey, Alix Perdue.
Bottom Row - Koreen Bennett, Jane Bremer, Betty Patterson, Miss M. Ryan, Gerry Stein, Sidné Hudson, Donna Winstone.

E V E N T S O F N O T E

1957 School Tea

The Annual School Tea which was held on Nov. 6, 1957 was capably convened by Miss B. Vandersteen. The total proceeds were \$679.35. A highlight of the tea was the unveiling of the new honour roll, designed and beautifully made by Mr. Gillies. Congratulations are extended to Room 23 for selling the greatest number of tickets for the tea.

Barb. Fenn,
Room 3.

March of Dimes

The March of Dimes drive was held during the month of February. This is the one money raising project the school undertakes each year. The school collected a total of \$274.61 and a large donation was contributed by Room 8 from singing carols during the Christmas holidays.

Barb. Fenn,
Room 3.

STATISTICS OF A SPELLING MATCH

Room 20 again had the year's representative in the Provincial Spelling Match, held on January twenty-first at the Auditorium. This was Horst Pacher. Horst, three years ago, did not know a word of English. That surely shows some of us up, doesn't it!

Out of thirteen contestants only two remained after fifty-eight rounds, Horst and a thirteen-year old girl from Kelwood, Manitoba. Then came that fateful fifty-ninth round. Horst was given "statistics" He spelt, "statistics", "statics."

Horst deserves a great deal of credit for his excellent show.

Horst was awarded a Parker pen and pencil set. It is indeed an honour and privilege to have Horst as a classmate.

Ian Drummond
Room 20

Citizens of Distinction

To all men a fine heritage is a thing of pride. Those whose achievements have been great and worthy of memory should be recognized and distinguished. Some of these are our student presidents and medallists.

For some time, several members of the staff have felt a need for a tangible form of permanent recognition for these students. Our Memorial Plaque, designed by Mr. E. Gillies is a fitting answer to this problem and it now bears the names of those who already have achieved presidential and medallist honours. The Plaque has been designed to accommodate the names of our distinguished school citizens for a quarter of a century.

Rag Drive

On May 14, rags were collected for the White Cross, in aid of the General Hospital. These Guild Ladies provide the patients with hairdressing and shopping service, mobile library, handicrafts, and transportation.

From the previous eight drives a million pounds of rags were collected and sold for sixty-five thousand dollars.

River Heights School collected a goodly sum of rags in support of this worthy enterprise.

1957 - 1958



Views on Art

Views on Art

The 1957-1958 "Art" yearbook of the Helene School has resulted in many varied creations. Under Miss Fyde and Mr. Gillies, our students have been producing a multitude of different works of art. Many new ideas and techniques were used to bring about better results. Grade seven art is probably the most difficult for pupils.

Views on Art.

Dr. Eckhart, director of Winnipeg Art Gallery graciously granted an interview to two reporters from "The Heights!" His co-operation was very generous.

When asked if the people of Winnipeg appreciate their art gallery, he replied, "Not enough appreciate it, but---people become more aware of it year after year."

Elaborating on the subject he declared what he thought the reasons were for the existence of art galleries.

"An art gallery should care for all visual arts. Art stimulates people by showing them how to live."

Allan Jarvis, the National Director of Art Galleries in Canada, remarked, on his latest visit to Winnipeg, that the people here do not care enough to provide proper facilities for their art gallery.

With this statement, Dr. Eckhart was in full agreement.

"People don't care....because they don't know enough about it. They have to be taught how to use art."

The Doctor suggests that groups of school children should visit the gallery more often to awaken in them an interest in art.

Does Dr. Eckhart appreciate modern artists like Picasso or does he prefer the old masters like Leonardo Da Vinci?

"To me, there is no difference between modern art and old art. I like any style that has good qualities. We have to concern ourselves with the problems of both types of art."

When asked if the art gallery has good material to work with, Dr. Eckhart's reply was positive.

"We have obtained good material in the last years but in comparison with art galleries in the rest of the country, our material is very poor."

Being art students themselves, the two reporters asked Dr. Eckhart for his advice to young Canadians trying to paint.

"See how life is," was his reply. See what are the needs of life, think what you should express, then---give your contributions to life."

Furthering the matter, he quite assuredly remarked that there is more chance for the advancement of Canadian artists than there is for European artists. This is because we are a growing country with much better facilities. Also, we have every chance to grow and develop in art.

The Winnipeg Art Gallery, at the time of this interview was featuring the Fitzgerald Exhibition. The next exhibition which opened on Easter Sunday was called "Children and Flowers," and included sculpture as well as painting...

We should all thank Dr. Eckhart for his wonderful management of the art gallery and his help to the youth of Winnipeg in developing their interest in art.

Pippa Morgan

Rivian Schachter

Art

The 1957-1958 "art season" in River Heights School has resulted in many varied creations. Under Miss Pybus and Mr. Gillies, our students have been producing a multitude of different works of art. Many new ideas and techniques were used to bring about better results.

Grade seven art is probably the most difficult for pupils.

"Our Mr. Bell"

It was with mixed emotions that we learned of Mr. Thomas Bell's appointment to the Principalship of Alexandra School in Winnipeg. We are happy that his ability as a teacher and administrator is being recognized but we are filled with dismay at the thought of River Heights School without our much loved Mr. Bell.

Prior to Mr. Bell's joining the staff of Robert H. Smith School, he had taught school in the Lakes District of Manitoba, in East St. Paul, in Norwood and had served as Link Instructor in the R. C. A. F. during the war.

During his first year on the Robert H. Staff, Mr. Bell left us to act as the first principal of River Heights School for its first few months as an Elementary School. Since that period Mr. Bell has been a valued member of the R. H. Smith and later, of the River Heights School Staffs. There are countless young people in this district who owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to him for the endless hours of patient help and advice he devoted to their studies and personal problems.

This debt can never be paid but we do want him to know that he has a very warm spot in the hearts of River Heights citizens, students and Staff. However far he may go, we will always think of him as "Our Mr. Bell."

GOOD WISHES FROM RIVER HEIGHTS GRADUATES

Mr. C. S. Gow	Principal of Gordon Bell
Mrs. O. Borland	Secretary of Gordon Bell
Mr. M. R. Thompson	Principal of J. B. Mitchell
Gail Clerihew	Kelvin
Helen McIntosh	Kelvin
Jim Pappas	Kelvin
Hillaine Jacob	Kelvin
Barbara Jacob	Kelvin
Robin Slotin	Kelvin
Diane Rubin	University
Sondra Rubin	University
Wayne Fawley	Gordon Bell
Dave Foster	Gordon Bell
Dennis Bishop	University
John Embry	Kelvin

A nervous young woman, being taught to drive by her husband on a narrow country road, suddenly exclaimed: "Quick, take the wheel, darling! Here comes a tree!"

Evan Esar - The Humor of Humor.

ART

Students entering junior high are confronted with many things that are new to them. Few have ever used paints in school, most being accustomed to the "crayon", colouring book method." Use of the imagination often causes new students to experience difficulties. In elementary schools, pupils were told what to draw, and how to draw it, while at River Heights, they are given a basic theme and allowed to enlarge greatly upon it. Fundamental methods of art are taught at this level, preparing the student for later grades. Work such as painting, sketching, lettering, perspective drawing, and other forms of this subject are taught, along with crafts such as linoleum printing and forms of modelling and sculpturing.

In the eighth grade, students, with a general knowledge of art, are expected to produce a higher standard of work than they did the previous year. More extensive projects are undertaken. Paintings are still among the most important projects, but several forms of modelling are also carried out. Specialized lettering is practised, enlarging upon the grade seven work.

Grade nine art is a combination of skills learned in earlier grades and of modern methods. The student of this grade is looked upon to produce more accurately detailed work. Undertakings such as making "mobiles" clay modelling, and diversified forms of advanced drawing and painting, are carried out with wonderful results. A new form of modelling was introduced this year. Using a cornstarch-and-salt mixture, industrious groups of pupils constructed beautiful scenes.

Various posters made by different classes have added colour to the school, as well as presenting us with valuable knowledge about coming events.

This year has been a very eventful one for us, and we are looking forward, with great expectancy, to an even greater season in 1959!

Jocelyn Andison--Girl Rembrandt

In 1957, a young student named Jocelyn Andison, sat down in art period and proceeded to paint a picture. Little did she imagine what was to come! Her picture's exceptional beauty was quickly recognized and submitted to a group of judges. Jocelyn's work was soon chosen to head an exhibition of paintings to be sent to England.

This, of course, is all history. Her being the school's 1957 medallist, coupled with the presentation to her in 1958 of a certificate commemorating her great art achievement to her in 1958, are all pleasant memories for proud River Heights students. This is just the beginning, however. With a great talent like hers, she will assuredly rise to the heights of great success in the near future.

Best wishes to Jocelyn Andison--"A teenager who's going places!"

A wealthy New Yorker, in quest of an even wealthier widow, consulted a marriage broker. A candidate described as "a girl who looks like a picture" took the client's fancy, and the broker arranged for them to meet her at a corner table in a certain Broadway night spot.

The client winced as he spotted the woman, conspicuous by her cauliflower ears, a nose that resembled a bent fender, and a hank of hair that fell over her forehead like a dangling participle. "I thought," he scolded the go-between, "that you said she looked like a picture."

The broker shrugged. "Either you like Picasso or you don't!"

1957-1958

MUSIC



Interview with the Ames Brothers

The four Ames Brothers are Vic, Eddie, Gene and Jee. Big brother Vic is the leader of the group. Vic who has a dynamic personality answered the questions for the interview.

(Q) Are you actually brothers?

(A) "Yes"

(Q) Where did you start and what was your first song as a group?

(A) "We started in the cutest little night club you ever saw, in Boston, in 1946. Then on to larger night clubs, radio, and T. V. We have performed before large audiences across the world. While touring in France, we polished up on our French and sang 'Fascination.' Our first song as a group was a Negro spiritual, 'Dry Bones.'"

(Q) How many gold records have you received?

(A) "Five gold records,"

(Q) What type of songs do you prefer?

(A) "Any type that sells."

(Q) Do you prefer to perform on T.V. or before a live audience?

(A) "It gives me a thrill to perform before a live audience."

(Q) How do you feel the Winnipeg audience reacts?

(A) "The Winnipeg audience is adorable."

(Q) Are teenagers a well behaved audience?

(A) There was a long pause before we received an answer. "Teenagers are our strongest supporters and I love them."

(Q) Will Rock-n-roll last?

(A) "Rock-n-roll will never, never die."

Stephanie Christie--- Louise Doran

Music

At Christmas, the River Heights choirs gave a most enjoyable program. They prepared Christmas Carols from many countries. The majority of the program was sung by both choirs and audience.

We were proud to be asked to sing on the school radio broadcast on February 6, 1958. The program was broadcast over CBW and was under the direction of Mr. Glen Harrison.

Approximately 40 girls practiced diligently every Tuesday night after four o'clock for many weeks in preparation.

During rehearsal, Mr. Harrison delighted us by remarking "Why, you girls don't need to rehearse. You are already experts!"

The choir sang:

We Sail the Ocean Blue
High Noon Day
The Gospel Train (teaching song)
The Castle of Dromore
The Tuneful Guitar

The Manitoba Musical Festival

As we approached the opening of the Musical Festival, all our musical activities reached their peaks.

Day after day, early morning, noon, and night, choirs, ensembles, duets, and solo groups valiantly struggled away in rehearsals; repeating over and over those phrases which did not "quite" meet Mrs. Christie's highly critical standards of performance.

Mr. Glover (down the hall from Room 5) was heard to mutter, "Close the door, boys, those song birds are at it again, but cheer up! In a few more days the festival will be finished.

To Mr. Bullock, who must share the music room, we give our grateful thanks. It must have been quite an ordeal. It was only on rare occasions that he could walk into his room without finding ten to one hundred girls gaily tripping "With Jockey to the Fair" or chanting melancholy strains as they laid the Miller's lovely daughter "On the Banks of Allan Water."

It could snow or hail outside but in Room 5 it's been spring, "When birds do sing, Hey! ding a ding a ding", ever since January. HOWEVER: Our efforts were rewarded.

On Tuesday, March 11, Rooms 26 and 27 girls sang in the classroom choir class. Mr. Stanley Vann, the adjudicator, said the girls had a very lovely tone. He said that their performance was very expressive and well balanced. The choir was rewarded 87 and 85 for their performance of "The Spring of the Year" and "My Love's an Arbutus."

On Wednesday, March 12, the River Heights grade 7 boys choir tied for second place with "The East Indiaman" and Johnny Come Down to Hilo." Mr. Vann said that the boys had good tone, vitality, and control in movement.

On Friday, March 14, our girls choir won the Waugh Shield over ten other top Winnipeg choirs with 87 and 89 marks for their singing of "the Sirens" and "It was a Lover and his Lass."

On Saturday, March 15, the two River Heights Ensembles competed against each other. Ensemble Number 1 came first with 86 and 88 for their singing of "Spring's return" and "The Secret Pool." Number 2 had 85 and 87 for the same songs. The adjudicator, Mr. Cope, commended the ensemble for the full rich tone, beautiful phrasing, and control.

On Monday, March 17, the girl's choir sang in the folksong class. They were runner-up to Sargent Park in what the adjudicator said was very close." The girls received 86 and 86 for their singing of "On the Banks of Allan Water" and "With Jockey to the Fair."

All the choirs would like to give a very hearty thanks to Mrs. Christie who made all our festival achievements possible.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, which is conducted by Mr. Forest, provided us with some enjoyable music at Christmas.

Diedre Irons,
Room 23.

One music publisher to another: I've never heard such corny lyrics, such simpering sentimentality, such repetitious, uninspired melody. Man, we've got a hit on our hands!

Brad Anderson,
Wall Street Journal.

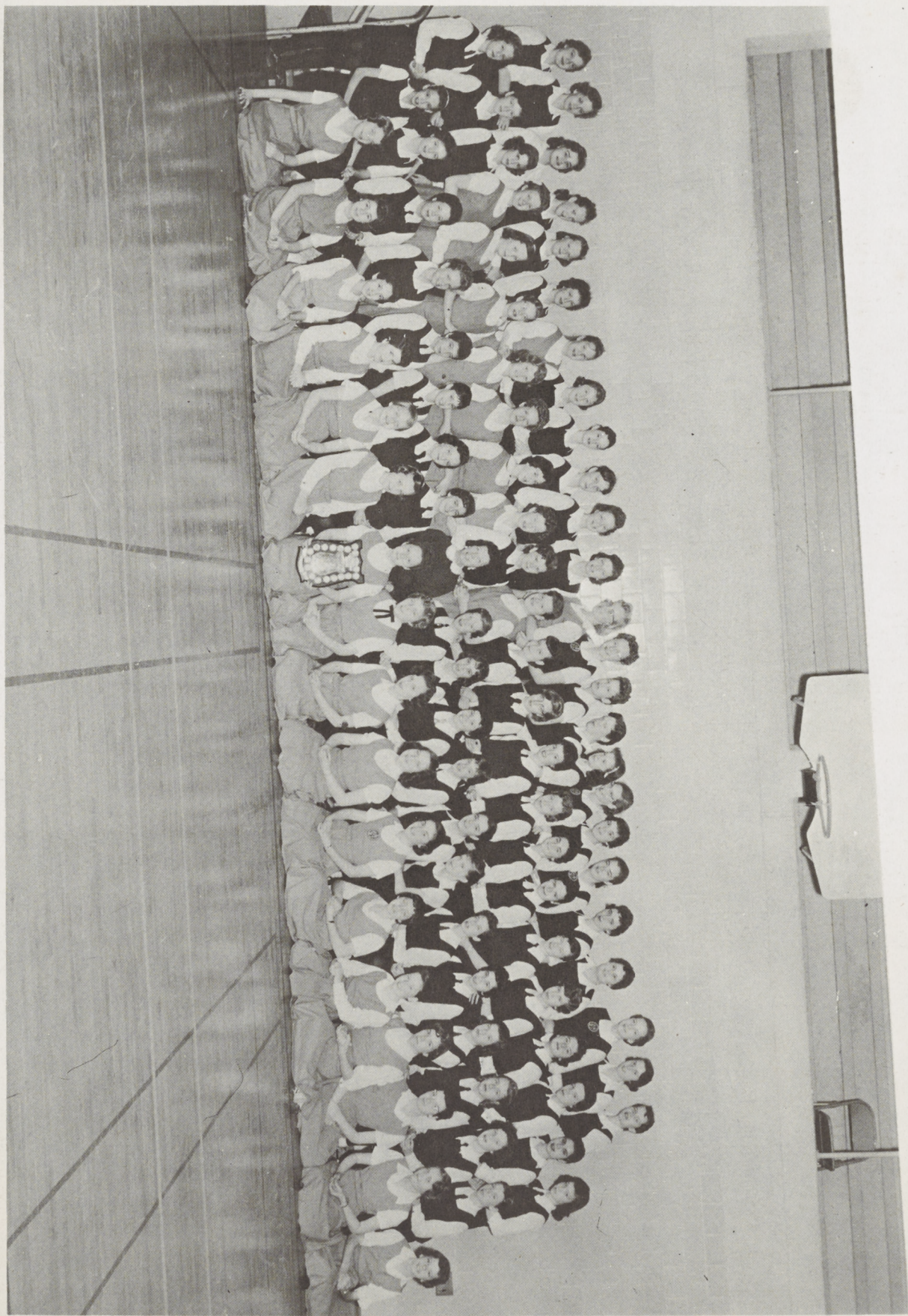
GIRLS CHOIR

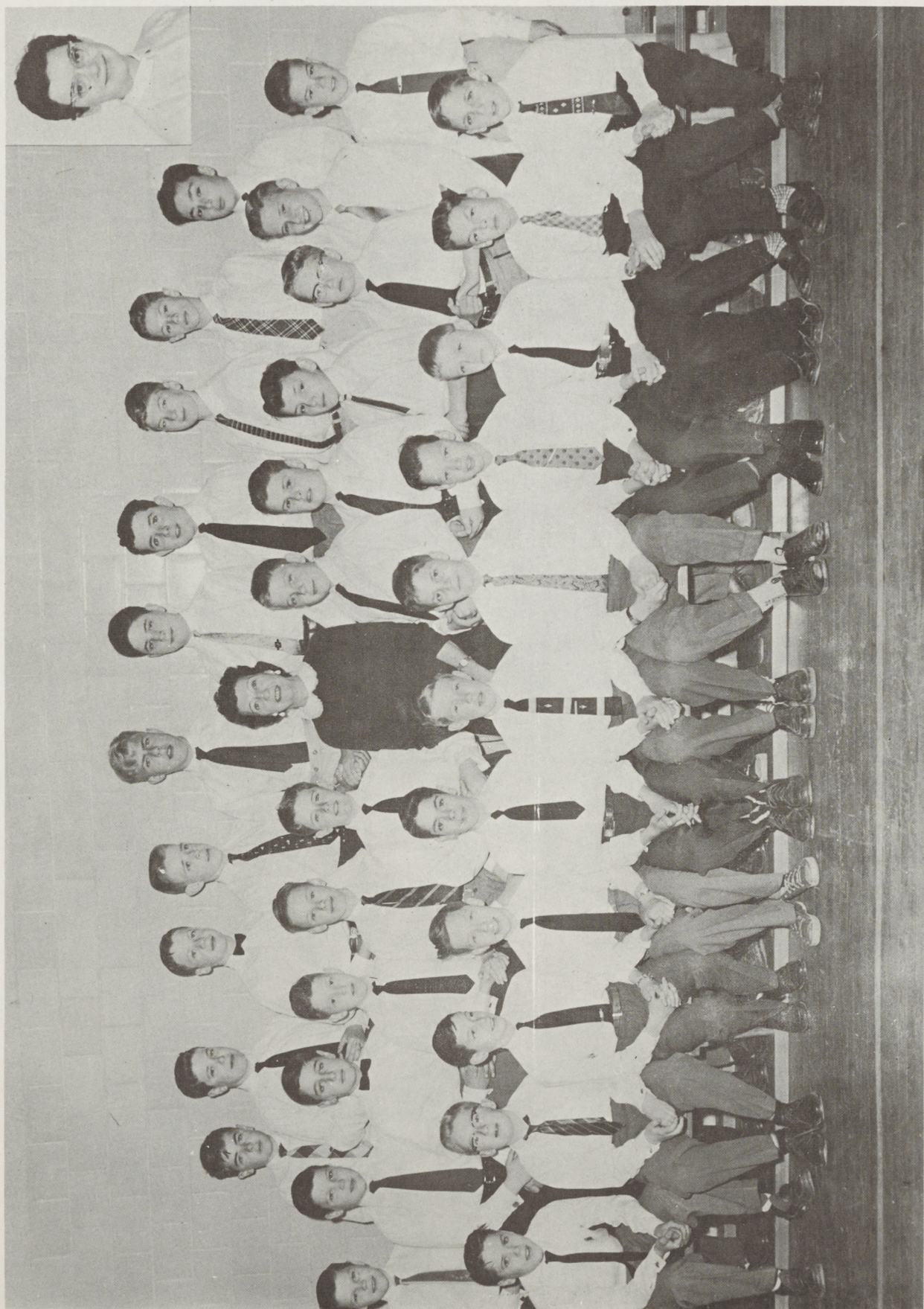
Top Row: Jacqueline Davis, Sherry LeGallee, Marsha Karr, Margaret Boulton, Ann Mason, Lorna Bartlett, Louise Dorfman, Lindsay Scott, Dawn Rew, Diane Campbell, Judy Quinn, Rhoda Goldman, Sandra Phillips, Marilyn Harris, Deidre Irons, Barbara Graham, Diane Keith.

Row Two: Lynn Drysdale, Ellen Cuthbert, Lynn Campbell, Carol Figures, Patsy Hamilton, Bonnie-Mae Book, Marjorie Boyd, Gerry Stein, Mrs. F. Christie, Sidné Hudson, Barri-Ruth Waldman, Lynn Stratton, Marilyn Abbott, Ann Bennett, Mary-Lynn Patterson, Evelyn Asowitch, Ricki Posner, Maureen Pierce, Jennifer Dawson, Carol Robson, Shirley Hurst,

Row Three: Penny Hutchison, Averill Hubble, Leslie Medland, Sally Doupe, Judy Taylor, Helen Wellwood, Barbara Levack, Janet Burch, Terryl Portigal, Linda Moffat, Susan Cadham, Helene Klass, Sandra Jepson, Dolores Tonelli, Bonnie Zimman, Marjorie Moulden, Susan Silverman, Alison McNeill, Clare Bryden, Margaret Marlin, Leslie Meloff, Marilyn Cameron, Sheila Gold, Lynn Seaborn.

Bottom Row: Doreen Mork, Mary Nowell, Lucille Karlicki, Sandra Sparling, Lynn Craton, Ulricke Schludermann, Lorna Medd, Jeanne Blacket, Judy Swan, Lauraine Gray, Jean Olson, Judy Dolton, Lena Jyrkkanen, Lynda Davis, Joyce Gladstone, Joan Flock, Edith Plejdrup, Marilyn Davey, Lynn Kelly, Pat Meadwell, Lynn Adamson, Marilyn Monk, Carolyn Cox, Catherine Doern, Catherine MacLeod.





BOYS CHOIR

Front Row

1. Brian Watt
2. Keith Irvine
3. David Remis
4. Arthur Claxton
5. Duncan Paisley
6. Bob Grieve
7. George Gartrell
8. John Roberts
9. Norman White
10. Bill Bell
11. Jay Ingram

Second Row

1. Brian Blick
2. Barry Blick
3. Patrick Sinnott
4. David Bolton
5. Colin Reed
6. Bob Fraser
7. Frances Christie
8. Bill Jennings
9. Peter Misener
10. Ken Sternoan
11. Ian Sutherland
12. Ray Mills
13. Gordon Argue

Third Row

1. Allan Baker
2. Charles Shore
3. Don Taylor
4. David Naylor
5. Ron Phillips
6. Arthur Blankstein
7. Jim Donohue
8. Clive Parks
9. Colin Brown
10. Charles Marmar

INSERT: Deidre Irons, Accompanist

Three matrons sat down at a restaurant table next to mine. After each had moved her menu closer to and farther from her nose, all three produced spectacles from their purses.

"I only wear mine for reading," explained the first.

"I really need mine just for driving," the second said, putting hers on.

"I rarely wear mine," said the third, "except when I want to see."

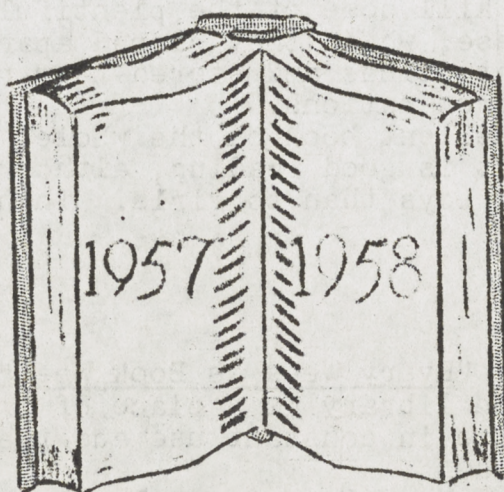
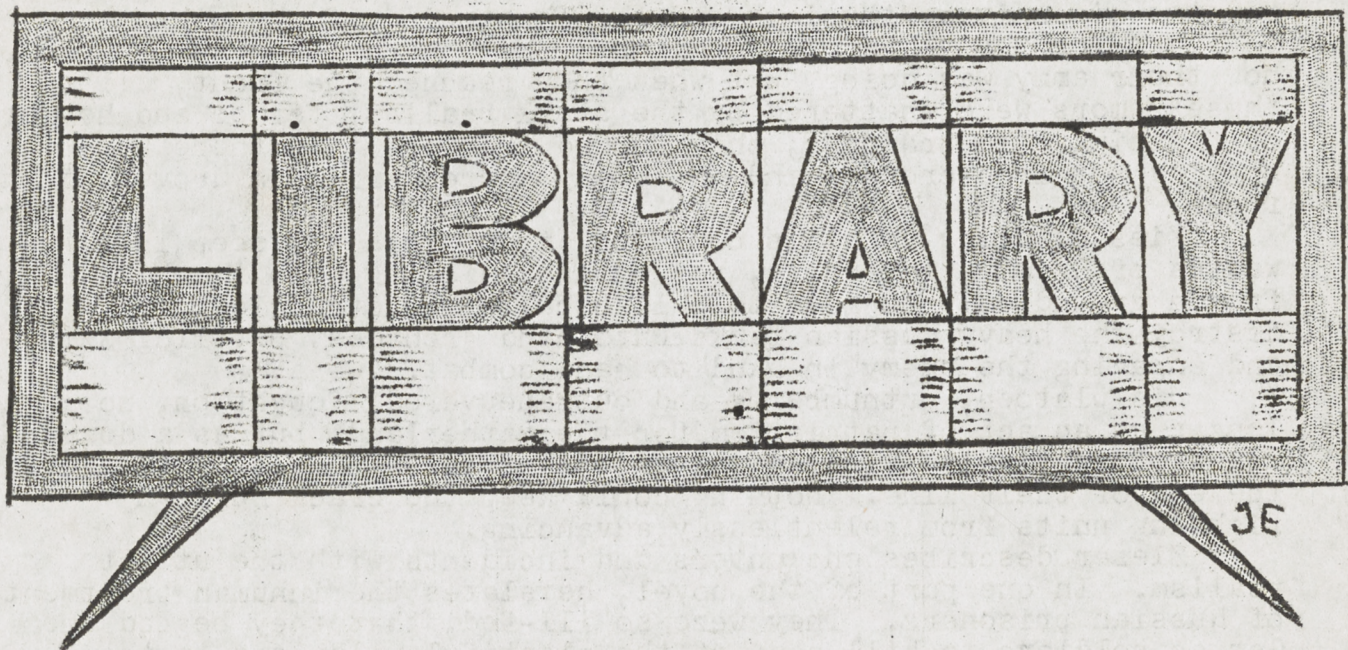
D. L. Carlson.

Escort, looking at the high prices on a night-club menu, to date: "Well, what will you have, my plump little doll?"

Small boy to father playing with his electric train: "What this railroad really needs is a good retirement plan."

D. Turner.

A mother, balancing the books for the semester, reports that her children have left five gloves, a sweater, and two caps at school and have brought home three colds, the measles, and a turtle.



Book Review

THE ROAD TO STALINGRAD--by BENNO ZIESER

This, in my opinion, is an excellent novel. It is nonfiction and is an eye-witness account of the battle on the eastern front in World War Two. It is well written, and keeps one interested throughout. The writer tells of the rigid Spartan-like training which the soldiers received. Benno Zieser was barely out of school, nineteen years old, when he was drafted to serve for his glorious Fuhrer. He relates his naive enthusiasm and the fanaticism of the other soldiers to fight for their leader. At first, they heard tales and rumors of how their army was doing, but when they reached the front, all of these rumors were shattered by the stark realism, terror and horror of fighting. In training, they formed the idea that there were nothing but iron-crosses and the enemy surrendering in droves at the front.

Zieser, along with his comrades, fought his way deep into the wastes of Russia, advancing, retreating, digging into the hard frozen ground only to have to pull back. They struggled, trying to destroy the heavy Russian tanks with hand grenades, battling snipers, and engaging the enemy in hand to hand combat.

His platoon, outnumbered and outmaneuvered, fought on, no longer as an act of patriotism for the fatherland, but as a desperate means of survival. Finally the troops of the Wehrmacht had reached the end of their line. Nothing could keep the crack Russian fighting units from relentlessly advancing.

Zieser describes encounters and incidents with the utmost realism. In one part of the novel, he relates the inhuman treatment of Russian prisoners. They were so ill-fed, that they begged the German soldiers to kill some of the plentiful wild dogs in the vicinity. From these, which they ripped apart by their bare hands, they removed the intestines and stored them raw in their pockets for future use as iron rations.

This is an excellent book on the whole, and a fine account of the war. I think it is good reading, although I also think that it will appeal more to boys than to girls. Thank you.

"Every Week is Book Week"

The grade seven library is a place of interest and activity. The encyclopedias are in constant use and the books are very rarely found on the shelves.

Miss Kinley and her classes are looking forward to additional books and it is likely our school will soon be buying more shelves. Reading is only a part of the library. Book reports and reading lists are also involved. This work could stand against the best of the eights and nines.

When asked about Book Week, and what our school libraries did about it, Miss Kinley observed that every week is book week and there was very little more to be done.

Book Week was established to emphasize books in the minds of the public and our librarians Miss Miller and Miss Kinley are working hard to support it.

Brenda Michie Room 4.

Be a good of Luck
boy this
summer,
With no hussling
the cute
girls at
Victoria

Who's initials should we put?

AUTOCRAP

C.
D. X?
2.

Mrs.
Santa?

DENNIS

make us jealous, after
we're your
biggest friends.

Wishes

(much?) love
Love from
Georgeine
Love from
Georgeine
Love from
Georgeine
John

+ Dennis
spung
best
Love from
Georgeine

Walt

Sincerely
W.
Pat



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